

THE AMERICAN

LEGION

MAGAZINE

JANUARY 1957

SEE PAGE 12



FOREIGN
PRISONS
are not for
GI's!

SEE PAGE 18

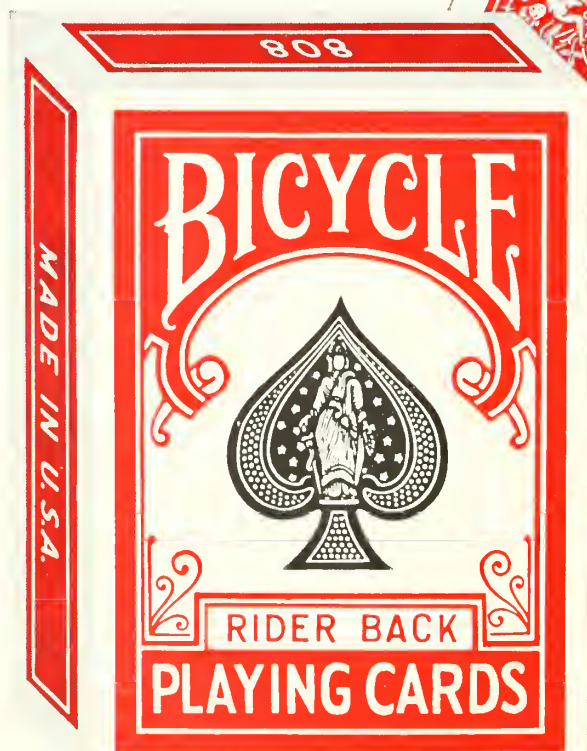
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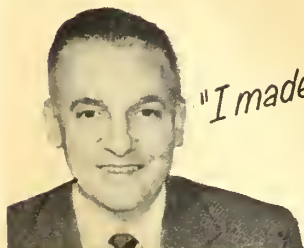


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RUGGED
LONG LASTING**



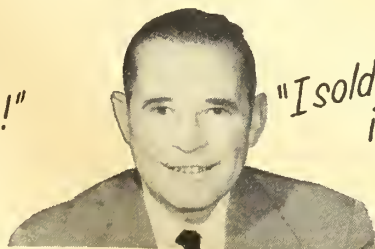
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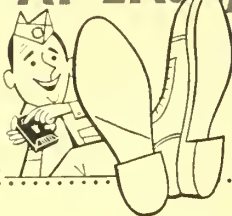


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Vol. 62, No. 1; January 1957

THE AMERICAN

LEGION

MAGAZINE

LEGION



Cover by Ken Clements

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Don Daniel, National Commander, The American Legion, Indianapolis 6, Indiana

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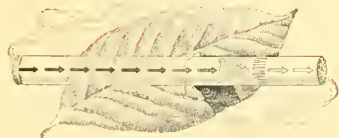
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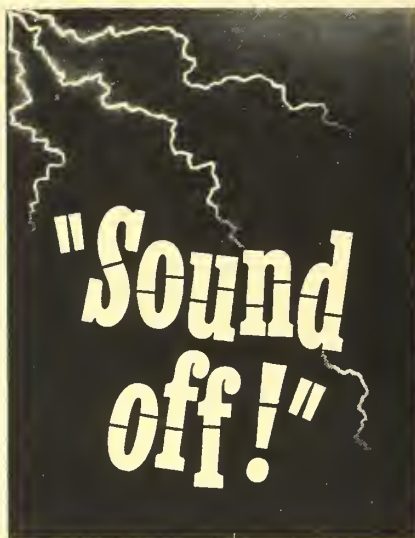
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ANOTHER WAR?

Sir: President Eisenhower has promised to stay out of war again. President Wilson's slogan for re-election was: "He kept us out of war." President Roosevelt smiled and said: "I promise you fathers and mothers again and again and again that your boys will not be sent to foreign wars." Let's hope President Eisenhower means to stay out of war and that his remarks were not just "campaign oratory" as one presidential candidate termed his speeches.

Name Withheld
Savannah, Ga.

HOPELESS?

Sir: The letter in your November issue concerning the 475 missing men of the Korean War concerns me because we have never given up hope that my brother, Lt. T. D. Odenbaugh, a Marine pilot, shot down near Seoul, Korea, and believed to have been taken a prisoner, might still be alive and a captive. A letter I received from Congressman Bentley in February said there was no question that this very serious problem is still with us. I quote from his letter: "I have seen reports that more than 500 American soldiers known to have been taken prisoners in Korea, still remain completely unaccounted for. I have discussed this matter with the State Department, etc." The American Legion has always stood up and accomplished things for the soldiers and I am hoping they will now be able to do something for these brave, forgotten men.

Mrs. R. H. Carroll
Ottumwa, Iowa

Sir: I read with considerable interest the letter of Mr. Richard P. Shaddick in the November issue of *The American Legion Magazine*. My husband, Lieutenant Dewey R. Henry and Lieutenant John Shaddick were members of the same crew. My husband's name also appears on the list of the 453 American servicemen who were captured by the enemy during the

Korean War, unreturned and unaccounted for by them. What has happened to these men? The enemy had them—the men were not known to die there—they certainly were not released when the truce was signed. Where are they? Are they the forgotten men of the Korean War? I urge every member of The American Legion to write to Washington requesting his representatives to do everything within their power to secure the immediate release of every American serviceman still held prisoner by the communists.

Mrs. Ellen M. Henry
Decatur, Ga.

GET RID OF HIM!

Sir: After reading your article on Harry Bridges in the October issue I really boiled. Why, oh, why can't the good American people get rid of him? Our boys got rid of Hitler and others who threatened our lands and homes. Why are the people of these United States letting a thing go like this?

Mrs. S. A. Schuster
Beaver, Okla.

LUCE VERSE

Sir: Tell me this in mournful numbers:

Have we made our lives sublime?

Our Convention was ignored by Photos in both *Life* and *Time*.

Tobias J. Fitzpatrick
Bronx, N. Y.

▼ In view of many letters from Legionnaires complaining about the *Time-Life* method of covering previous Legion Conventions, our impression was that neither magazine was being read by our members. *The Editors*

MISSED MY BUDDY

Sir: I am no musician, but I know that in the November issue of *The American Legion Magazine*, page 11, you missed the song of 1917-1919. Did you ever hear of "My Buddy"? Even yet it gives me a feeling that no other song can cause, and it does not have to be sung by Schumann-Heineck to do it. And let's remember that besides doughboys there were marines and sailors who sang. Your list is good, but put "My Buddy" at the top, and add the Navy parody on "Smiles" as sung by Bebe Daniels. Too much to ask?

Wendell R. Lerch
Medina, Ohio

MEN...NOT WANTED

Sir: September issue's "Jobs for Unemployed Veterans" lays bare a cruel blot in American business policy. The proud boast of 70 million jobs, promotion-from-within, and large 25-year clubs (of those who started early), is one story. Another side, as an employment expert in Chicago recently explained, is that in getting a good job, a man past 35 has one strike against

him; two if over 45; three if past 55, with not respect but "suspect" for a man in the 60's. What is an educated, experienced veteran to do during the 20 years, 45 to 65? A tragic waste of human resources. Oh, his wife can easily get a job; millions of women can!! Why doesn't the old Chairman of the Board tell his smart personnel-trainees, "Let's correct this un-Christian pattern NOW. When a job can't be filled from within, hire men up to 62 in good health and personality at regular wages merely reduced by an age-factor of 3 to 7 percent to cover that troublesome group-insurance, and quicker retirement."

Name Withheld
Fort Wayne, Ind.

BACK IN SERVICE

Sir: On October 27, 1956, having approached the age of 60, I had completed my application for retirement from the Naval Reserve. This covered a period of 38 years, including service in the two World Wars, and some 25 other periods of active duty for various purposes. The application was mailed after working hours. Arriving home from dinner eaten out, I was surprised to find a letter from Board No. 57, Selective Service, San Mateo, California, directing registration. Instructions have been complied with.

Comdr. Laurence A. Judin, USNR
Burlingame, Calif.

GOOD IDEAS

Sir: Recently I stopped at a Post in North Carolina where they had a Swap Corner. Anyone wishing to swap something for something else left his wares with a note stating what he would trade for. Another thing this Post did was to help a member out of work. If a member needed a job a committee of four contacted employers in an effort to get the member employed. In the past two years they have helped 17 members to get jobs and there are no unemployed members at the present time.

Name Withheld
Bluefield, Va.

DISENFRANCHISED

Sir: I am 30 years old and a veteran of the Army Air Forces of World War II. Looking back one will see that I have been eligible because of age to vote in three presidential elections. Yet, out of these three elections I have been allowed to vote in only one. Why? Because in 1948 when Mr. Dewey and President Truman were presidential candidates I was guilty of attending a college some 300 miles from home in a neighboring State. I was denied the right to vote since my home State, Pennsylvania, didn't allow an absentee ballot. In 1952 when General Eisenhower and Mr. Stevenson were candidates, I was 26 years old and allowed for the first time to

(Continued on page 47)



Helping to speed your telephone call. Telephone man Byron Jensen tests the intricate equipment that gets your number quickly and accurately. PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANSEL ADAMS

He keeps an electric brain thinking clearly

*You benefit from skills like his
whenever you use the telephone*

Every time you make a call over a dial telephone, you start an electric brain "thinking" in one of our offices.

First, it tells you when to start dialing by means of a tone. Selects your number automatically from many thousands or millions. Then rings your party or tells you the line is busy.

Such equipment is indeed remarkable. But with all its electronic magic, it still needs the help of people. Day and night, there is continuous checking and maintenance by telephone office craftsmen like Byron Jensen.

"Big part of the job," he says, "is to keep trouble off the lines. For every one of those calls is important to someone. And some can be very important.

"Not only personal calls, but fire alarms, burglar alarms, radio programs and even newspaper pictures go through this same equipment."

Each Sunday Byron teaches a class for boys. Many of his evenings and

week ends are devoted to Boy Scout work.

For a person who enjoys helping others, he finds his telephone work particularly satisfying.

"Whenever I watch those dial switches work," he says, "I get the feeling I'm at the nerve center of the community."



Instructing Boy Scouts. Byron, a troop chairman, shows scouts how to orient themselves with a map and compass in the beautiful Wasatch Range near Provo, Utah.

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AS WE TOLD YOU

TWO HUNDRED million Moslems are being wooed by Russia, and persistent efforts are beginning to pay off. A wave of violence and rampant nationalism has already engulfed the entire Moslem world. A virtual holy war has been declared against the West, and all the while commie agents have been everywhere thoroughly sowing their seed. At stake are not only the teeming millions of the Middle East, but the people and resources of North Africa. . . .

The foregoing was not taken from last night's newspaper. It was published in *The American Legion Magazine*, September 1952. The article, "The Explosive Middle East."

ANOTHER LOOK AT HARRY

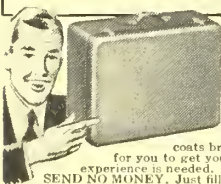
MORE RECENTLY, in last October's issue to be exact, we presented Victor Riesel's account of the way in which Harry Bridges holds the strategic Hawaiian Islands in his red paw. Shortly after this, the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee opened hearings on the subject, to determine to what extent the communists control the Islands. On October 16 the following exchange took place between Robert Morris, Chief Counsel of the Subcommittee, and William B. Stephenson, Chairman of the Commission of Subversive Activities of the Territory of Hawaii:

Mr. Stephenson: Our Commission has made it clear that the terms "Communist activity" and "union activity" are not synonymous, but that the major focus of the Communist problem in Hawaii lies within the leadership class of these two unions.

Mr. Morris: Does that mean, Mr. Stephenson, that those Communist leaders who are union leaders have confined their activity in the Islands to traditional union efforts?

Mr. Stephenson: It does not. These Communist leaders have acted in dual capacities. While performing the normal functions of trade union leaders, they have also performed functions on behalf of the Communist Party, used facilities and funds of their unions for Communist purposes. For example, the ILWU radio programs have been used to present Communist speakers, union funds have been donated to Communist fronts, and the premises of the ILWU have been made

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available for functions of a Communist front.

As was detailed at length in our last report, ILWU funds have been extensively used to make available Communist propaganda directly to its membership. It is also significant to note that the ILWU has sent Communist materials to the public school teachers of the Territory of Hawaii.

Mr. Morris: Have the Communists been able to exercise control or direction over the ILWU?

Mr. Stephenson: The Commission has consistently reported specific instances of Communist control and direction of the ILWU.

Mr. Morris: Who is the national leadership of the ILWU?

Mr. Stephenson: Harry R. Bridges is the president of that union.

MORE MODERN ART

MORE than a year ago we published an article entitled "Art for Whose Sake?" in which there was considerable discussion of the phonies and poseurs who make a handsome living with their daubs. Of course the article brought screams of anguish from those whose mecca is the establishment down the street from us which does business under the name Museum of Modern Art.

However, the silly stuff continues. From Nashville, Tenn., comes word that a newspaper reporter, one Charles Fontenay, of the *Tennessean*, was awarded a blue ribbon for a canvas he entered in a competition at the Tennessee State Fair. His masterpiece was an old piece of canvas he used to wipe off his knife after scraping his palette.

EQUAL TIME FOR RUSSIA

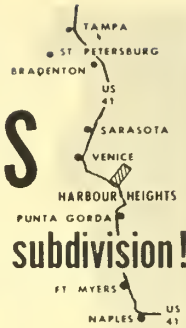
ON OCTOBER 4th CBS-TV presented a 90-minute play based on Pat Frank's novel *Forbidden Area*. You may recall this thrilling story, which told how a small group of Soviet saboteurs managed to create havoc in the Strategic Air Command.

Unfortunately, this sort of thing has more than a germ of truth. Millions of words of evidence prove conclusively that the communists are adept at infiltrating where they can do damage, and they have a faculty for moving into positions where they can exert maximum pressure. As Senator Eastland brought out, even some of our greatest newspapers have unwittingly played host to communists, and it's barely possible that this causes them to dislike intensely any investigating committees, and to react strongly when people are told about communist techniques.

Anyway, we were interested in what *The New York Times* had to say about the exciting and forcefully presented TV version of *Forbidden Area*. Its radio-TV columnist sneeringly reported that it "ran the gamut of hokum," called it "ridiculous," and opined that "It was a pity, too, that 'Playhouse 90' had such a limp take-off." However, he saved his most revealing crack for the end:

"The Strategic Air Command should ask for equal time. As a matter of fact, so should Russia."

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HARBOUR HEIGHTS



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Needed. Profits to 100%.
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YOUR PERSONAL AFFAIRS

Information that will help you with your everyday problems.

During this indoor season, many a man's mind turns to inventing something. What chance has he of cashing in on his brain child?

Only about half the patents applied for are granted, and perhaps **only one in five** has a payoff big enough to cover its barest costs. Nevertheless no inventor is brushed off if he recognizes these general ground rules:

1. **The invention must be patented**—or a patent applied for by a reputable patent attorney. Reason: An unpatented device is unprotected; no manufacturer is going to invest in something his competitor can get for nothing.

2. **The proposition should be submitted in writing.** This isn't a dodge to avoid crackpots. It's because the legal complexities of patents and inventions are such that a written record is safest.

3. **Anything submitted definitely cannot be treated in confidence.** The idea may be known to the company already.

Big manufacturers agree that what's wrong with most inventions is (1) they are impractical costwise, (2) their usefulness is too limited, and (3) they really aren't new. Here's a classic example cited by one of the leading appliance makers: He gets scores of propositions to rig up his refrigerators so that you could store furs in them in summer. Common sense indicates that this "improvement" would put refrigerators in a price class with Cadillacs, that its value is limited to the handful of women who own furs worth special storing, and that there's nothing new about it because it is sent in over and over.

So if the lightning of genius strikes you, be sure your invention can be produced economically and has a broad appeal.

Just to refresh your memory on patents and inventions:

• You can patent machines, articles, improvements, processes, and—sometimes—designs, provided they are new and useful. You can't patent a mere phantasy, such as a journey to Venus. Nor can you get protection on something that won't work (e.g. perpetual motion). A patent is good for 17 years.

• You apply for a patent by petitioning the Commissioner of Patents in Washington. Your petition must include a complete description and drawings (but not models, unless requested). You had better do this through a patent attorney who knows the ropes (which includes finding out whether anything of a similar nature is already patented). If you don't know how to locate a patent attorney, your own lawyer will help you.

• It costs \$30 to file for a patent and another \$30 for final fee (if you get the patent). The whole operation—including attorney's fees—usually costs several hundred dollars. A figure of \$500 sometimes is cited as par.

• The legal process tends to be slow. Three years is not unusual.

• However, the money spent trying to perfect and protect your invention can classify as a tax deduction. Ask your attorney, bank, or tax collector.

Note the growing uneasiness over the new tranquilizer drugs. These medicines (among which you've probably heard of chlorpromazine and reserpine) are supposed to calm disturbed people.

The trouble is that nobody really knows how they work their wonders, how long the relief they give lasts and whether they have bad after-effects.

So now the National Institute of Mental Health (a branch of the U. S. Public Health Service) is going to investigate.

Moreover, a moral-psychological angle is turning up with disturbing frequency: Since an estimated 60 percent of people who see doctors are afflicted by some sort of anxiety and often want to be tranquilized, what is this going to do to the behavior pattern of a fair-sized sector of the nation?

You just can't lick Hollywood's appraisal of entertainment tastes.

When the cinema center was supposed to be in the doldrums, TV bought up a lot of old films. They were so successful—especially the westerns—that there's now a rat race to get what's left in the libraries.

Meantime Hollywood itself is turning to epic, colossal, high-priced fare—*The Ten Commandments*, *Around the World in 80 Days*, *Giant*, etc. The running time of each of these is more than three hours.



The Legionnaire's Calendar

1957

A reminder of days with special meaning for Veterans

JANUARY

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JANUARY
1 NEW YEAR'S DAY

FEBRUARY
12 LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY
22 WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

MARCH
15 16 17 18 19 LEGION'S BIRTHDAY

APRIL
6 U.S. ENTERS WORLD WAR I
21 EASTER SUNDAY

MAY
8 VE DAY
18 ARMED FORCES DAY
30 MEMORIAL DAY

JUNE
6 D DAY
14 FLAG DAY
25 KOREAN POLICE ACTION

JULY
4 NATION'S BIRTHDAY

AUGUST
14 VJ DAY
SEPTEMBER
2 LABOR DAY
15-19 ATLANTIC CITY, N. J. NATIONAL CONVENTION
17 CONSTITUTION DAY

OCTOBER
12 COLUMBUS DAY

NOVEMBER
11 VETERANS DAY
28 THANKSGIVING DAY

DECEMBER
7 PEARL HARBOR
25 CHRISTMAS DAY

Bridge players here demonstrate a hand reputed to be one of President Eisenhower's favorites. Against adversely placed honors in hearts and clubs, the President found a way to make his six spade contract. Can you do it? Solution at conclusion of story.





CARD GAME

Whether you play poker, canasta, or bridge, you need a deck you can trust.

Here's how—and why—they are made.

By **EDGAR A. GRUNWALD**

FOR \$1 ANY BANK will give you a nice, new dollar bill, as pretty a piece of printing and engraving as you'll find anywhere.

For considerably less—69¢, of which 13¢ is tax—you can buy a deck of Bicycle playing cards whose printing and engraving are on a par with the dollar, and in multiple colors besides.

A good deck of cards compares favorably with a watch in mechanical accuracy, and—judging by the age of some packs found by researchers—in durability too. The life of the pretty pasteboards averages about 10 years, though a few continue in service as long as 50. There isn't much guesswork about these figures. If you look at the ace of spades, you'll see that it has a serial number on it. That's how its birth date can be traced.

A card manufacturer goes to all this trouble on a dirt-cheap product because he wants to keep you away from temptation. In a sense, when people play cards they take their fate in their hands. In those 52 tickets—plus the joker which represents the devil or "fooler"—lies victory or defeat. And as in real life, skill alone isn't enough. Luck is important too. So some players just can't resist the urge to give luck a nudge their way.

Even in solitaire this is common. A fellow shuffles the pack, cuts it, then looks at the bottom card. If he doesn't like it, he cuts again—and so on until

he is satisfied with the card he finds.

There isn't much a card manufacturer can do about peeking at the bottom card, but he wants to be sure that you can't read the backs of the other 51. Professional gamblers don't figure to any extent in this consideration; there aren't many of them, and the law presumably is supposed to watch them anyhow. But probably 80 percent of U. S. adults play cards for fun, buying between 50 and 60 million decks a year. And it's these amateurs that have to be protected from their tempers.

The trouble can start with, say, a birthday party. The boys get together for a little game with a limit of a couple of cents. Then one fellow's winnings start to swell, and maybe somebody gets suspicious that the guy has a deck he can read. Here is where the card manufacturer must be absolutely innocent. The deck has to be perfect.

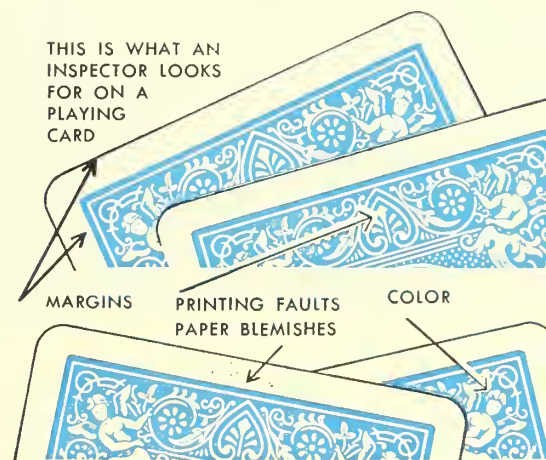
Card manufacturers will replace allegedly imperfect packs—though an imperfect one nowadays is so rare that you can forget about it. Nevertheless, the manufacturer usually sends a replacement without question. (It's a curious sidelight on humanity that cards turned in often are overage, or the "imperfections" consist of rings left by beer mugs and coffee cups.)

There's another big factor manufacturers have to contend with. Cards traditionally employ medieval symbolism, and players thus associate their fate with the frills, curlicues, and pageantry of those times. A cardmaker bold enough to shave the mustache off the king of

clubs to simplify his printing problems would be bankrupt in no time (the king of hearts is the only one that doesn't have this lip adornment; the king of hearts also is the only one that holds his weapon behind his head instead of upright). These little twists are demanded by players, forcing the cardmaker into a business where accuracy and detail are his lifeblood.

Partly because of this (cardmaking requires expensive, one-of-a-kind equipment) there are only a handful of manufacturers in the U. S. They include Arcco, Brown & Bigelow, Dale, Dex, Kem, Northbrook, United States (USPC), and Western. Largest is the United States Playing Card Co. (Cincinnati) which is also unique in that playing cards are its sole product.

USPC launches a card, as you would suspect, by first making the pasteboard



it's printed on (USPC does not use plastic). The pasteboard consists of two sheets of paper glued together with a gook blacker than midnight. One reason for two-ply construction is that it gives the card more strength and snap, but just as important is the fact that the black gook prevents you from seeing *through* the card from the back.

Indeed, the back of the card worries manufacturers much more than its face. For once a card is played, everybody knows what it is, even if your wife inadvertently makes a queen crosseyed by smearing fingernail polish on her (all kings and queens are two-eyed, except the king of diamonds). But the tiniest flaw on the back marks the deck.

You would think that because cards are manufactured by the billion, USPC would print aces, kings, queens, etc., in huge batches, then drop them from
(Continued on page 49)

PHOTO BY BEN MITCHELL

WE LEARNED ABOUT JAP PRISONS FROM THE INSIDE

What happens when GI's are
surrendered to foreign courts.



TS



as told to Congressman
FRANK T. BOW

*Frank T. Bow, of Ohio's 16th District,
has been a Member of Congress since 1951.*

"WHEN I STRETCHED out my arms I could reach across my cell from wall to wall, and lying on the floor with arms over my head I could touch one end with my toes. There was a narrow bed, a wash basin on the wall, and a bucket to use for a toilet. This private cell of mine was in death row, next to the gallows, of Fukuoka Prison, Japan, where I spent the first four months of my sentence of imprisonment in solitary confinement."

Ed was describing to me the cell in which he started to serve the sentence imposed upon him by a Japanese court, which tried him for assault and robbery. He and Bill had called at my office to give me the story of their experiences in Japan at first hand. Bill is from my Congressional District and when I first learned he had been tried and convicted in Japan I endeavored to persuade him to appeal his case, but he refused. Now he wanted to explain why.

Neither boy made any effort to excuse his offense. Each had been drinking, probably to the point where their actions are not now too clear to them. With a companion or two, and no money, they engaged transportation; one a ricksha, the other a taxi. At some point there was a scuffle with the driver of each vehicle over payment, and the drivers claimed to have been robbed. Assault and robbery of taxi drivers is a popular accusation in both Japan and France.

Ed said he never saw the ricksha driver again, although he heard his name mentioned in court.

The day he went to trial he was handed a piece of paper in Japanese with a typewritten translation in English which stated the charges against him. He had been visited the day before by an American officer, accompanied by a Japanese lawyer who had been appointed by the court. This lawyer was in a great hurry, saying he would have only one chance to plead for Ed and would have to have all his argument written out in advance to hand the court; therefore he wanted to get it done.

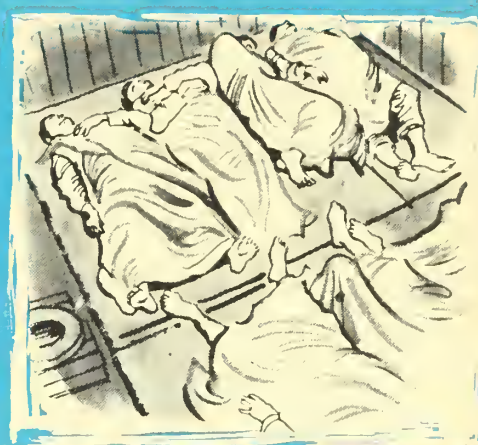
"There were a lot of statements on paper to be read in court by the prosecutor," Ed said. "Then the court interpreter was supposed to translate these to me. He was an old man and I couldn't understand him. Everything was in writing. There were no witnesses in court to testify except my own character witnesses. There were three judges, some of whom seemed to be sleeping part of the time. At noon there was a recess, and after that one of the judges did not come back and another judge took his place. The last three found



There were three judges, some of whom seemed to be sleeping part of the time. I was found guilty and sentenced later.



The major's visit was no help. He told the Japanese they needn't spend so much on our food. Our rations were slashed.



At Fuchu we slept on floor pads an inch thick. They were close together and any movement meant crowding a neighbor.



The food was not very appetizing, and the menu included such things as rice, fish, animal intestines, and dog meat.



Any guard who felt he had been affronted by an American could summon other guards to help push or strike the helpless GI.



The GI was less the victim of anti-Americanism than he was of a concept of justice that rates any prisoner as subhuman.

me guilty and sentenced me about five days later. I think I was the first American to be sentenced in Japan."

Ed was sentenced to five years' imprisonment and did not appeal his case. He thought instead of spending time in jail waiting for an appeal to be heard he had better start to serve the sentence. Bill confirmed the possibility of delay. After he was tried and convicted, he did appeal his case and lost. But it had taken six months for this appeal. That was the reason he would not go further when I urged him to do so.

The story of Bill's trial is similar to Ed's except that the taxi driver appeared in court and Bill's trial was stretched out in several short sessions over a month's time. He was not

AMERICAN LEGION MANDATE

WHEREAS, Our soldiers stationed abroad are defending our constitutional freedoms; and

WHEREAS, The Status of Forces Treaty strips our servicemen of constitutional protection; now, therefore, be it

RESOLVED, By The American Legion in convention assembled in Los Angeles, California, September 3-6, 1956, That The American Legion reaffirm the position adopted at the last national convention to urge the repeal of the Status of Forces Treaty.

given a copy of the charges against him until the day of the trial, and the interpreter was not understandable. Two companions of Bill's were not tried, a fact which still puzzles him. His sentence was three years.

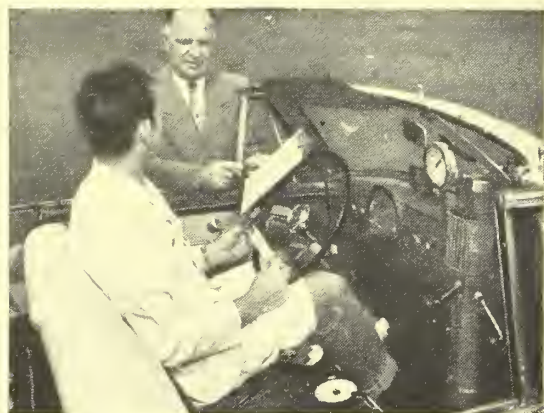
"I was really scared that first four months in solitary in Fukuoka Prison," said Ed. "When I first arrived I was given a two-hour talk on the rules I had to observe and was told repeatedly that I would be punished severely if I broke any rule. I didn't know what the punishment might be. But almost every day I could hear and see through the peephole in my door the Japanese guards beating up a Japanese prisoner who was in solitary across the corridor from me. This man had a leather muzzle fastened over his mouth and his hands were handcuffed behind him. In solitary in this condition I could not see how he could break any rules; so I was mighty careful.

"There was snow on the ground when I was taken to Fukuoka Prison in March, and there was no heat in my cell. All my clothing had been replaced with thin cotton pants and shirt. My socks and boots were taken from me, and I was given some paperlike soles which fastened on my feet with thongs. During the day I tried to keep warm by putting my blankets around me, but when a guard discovered this my blankets were taken away each morning and returned at night.

(Continued on page 42)

THEY WORK TO FIND

The story of the men who drive the test cars.



These elaborate devices keep track of what the car does when endurance drivers "pour it on."



Engineers take over when the drivers have done their stuff.



▲ Torn-down engines provide further clues for experts.

By JAMES C. JONES

THINK OF A MAN who sometimes drives a car all day long at 140 miles an hour, or sends it kangarooing over axle-busting torture roads, or makes it strain full-throttle up a 30 percent grade, and chances are you'll confirm the suspicions of Nelson Farley, director of Chevrolet's proving ground operations, who believes many people think of auto company test drivers as suicidal daredevils with but one avowed goal: To bust up new cars or bust themselves trying.

"The general public," he says, "may think of the test driver as a guy with a crash helmet and red scarf who swaggers in, reads the order of the day—"Give ole 99 hell!"—and tears into it.

"But in fact he drives on a schedule which tells him precisely how fast to go, when to start and stop, and when to make a left turn."

Actually, the seasoned auto test driver is much more than a mere chauffeur. He's part mechanic (he must know his vehicle's innards), part mechanical engineer (he sometimes must be able to diagnose the findings of electronic gear installed in his vehicle), part safety engineer (he must understand to the *n*th degree every safety rule in effect), part reporter (he sometimes must compile data on a vehicle's performance), and he's part evaluator (he may be asked to give a seat-of-the-pants reading on what he believes The Average Customer may

think of a car). In all, he's a vital guy.

Among the industry's highly skilled drivers (about 500 altogether), there are a few crash-helmeted, gaudily scarved, dashing, driving fools—but only a few. One is Mickey Katlin, who should be smiled at by anyone who calls him a fool of any kind, driving or otherwise. He crowds 225 pounds of hard muscle, spread over a six-foot frame, behind the steering wheel. Fortunately, he is even-tempered and good-humored, a couple of traits auto companies admire in their test drivers.

Katlin, 29, spends 40 hours each week putting Chrysler Corp. cars through the grind at the proving ground near Chelsea, Mich. He sometimes logs nearly 700 miles in a six-hour driving day on the high-speed oval. He puts 100,000 miles behind him each year under Chrysler auspices alone. But that doesn't satisfy his yearning for travel. As often as five nights a week during the racing season, he drives from his home in Howell, Mich., to speedways in Detroit (35 miles away) and elsewhere to compete in modified hardtop and new model stock car races. He holds speed records at virtually every track on which he has raced in the U. S. and Canada.

He's as comfortable in a controlled high-speed skid as most men are in bed. He snakes a hotrod through heavy traffic on a quarter-mile track with the nonchalance of a milkman snorting up a

deserted suburban street at 5 a.m. But when he drives on Chrysler property, he obeys the prescribed schedule and the scores of driving laws right down to the last punctuation mark.

So do his colleagues in the industry. Safety is the major concern on the proving grounds; a traffic violation as slight as failing to come to a full stop at posted intersections can draw a most severe traffic fine: Loss of job.

"We're dealing with lives here, as well as product," says Harold H. Barnes, director of the sprawling General Motors Proving Grounds at Milford, Mich. "And this is one place in the world where a used car is worth more than a new one." Little engineering evaluation is possible on a car that has been test driven 20,000 costly miles, only to be clobbered in a crash.

The average test driver is anything but a car jockey (or "cowboy," in drivers' parlance). The typical driver is pretty much like the typical youngish garage mechanic, service station operator, or construction man who lives on any street—except that the driver's reflexes perhaps are sharper.

Take James R. Fitzgerald, 33, a special test driver at Ford Motor Company's Dearborn, Mich., test track. Prior

WEAK SPOTS



On tracks like this it's easy to keep moving at 120 m.p.h. or better.

to his present job, he was a truck driver for Standard Oil Co. for six years. He was an aerial gunner during World War II, is married, and has two daughters.

"There's no horseplay around this track," he says. "When you start fooling around, that's when you get in trouble." Trouble can come awfully quick to a man who's scorching along at 150 miles an hour, as motordom's test drivers sometimes do.

Al Esper, who directs the efforts of 200 drivers at Ford's proving grounds in Dearborn, Kingman, Ariz., and at the huge Romeo, Mich., track now under construction, would describe Fitzgerald as a typical driver.

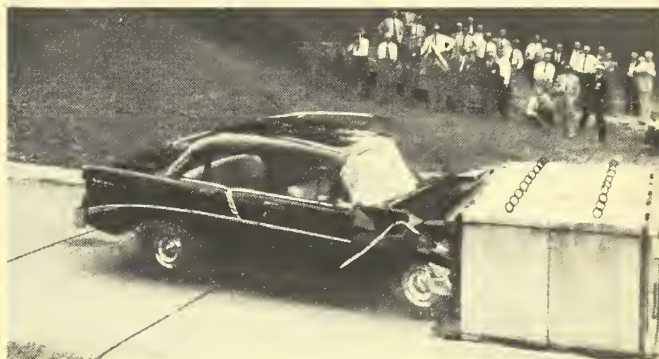
"We ask for drivers between ages 25 and 40. They must, of course, have driving experience, and a high school education or equivalent."

Big, balding, bespectacled Esper, who is probably the most widely known of all industry test men because of his featured role in Ford advertisements, says that most of Ford's drivers come from truck and bus driving jobs, with a few ex-taxi drivers thrown in — but no former race drivers.

(Continued on page 51)



Up and down this steep, rugged course Dodge trucks must prove dependability.



General Motors finds out the hard way what happens when car meets obstacle.



The men who build Mercurys learn how to keep them dry by this watery test.



▲ These ice-coated cobblestones are pounded interminably by endurance drivers. It takes all kinds of driving with all ▼ kinds of cars to make them better.



By LT. COL.

JAMES C. McNAMARA



THE GENERAL flicked a switch, flooding the cruel map of Korea with a burst of light. The sharp contour lines crawled through and around the red

and blue penciled enemy and friendly positions. Somewhere, somehow within the map's coordinates there HAD to be an answer—the solution to the disappearance of a B-26 bomber.

It was late afternoon, April 4, 1952. I was alone with General James A. Van Fleet, U.S. Eighth Army Commander, in his headquarters at Seoul University, Seoul, Korea. The warm spring air had displaced the intense cold of a snow-locked winter, and outside the birds sang ceaselessly of fresh new things to come.

I had first heard the news of the bomber's disappearance at the press billet in Seoul where I was stationed as the general's press adviser. Queries from New York and San Francisco news bureaus regarding the bomber's failure to return were snapping furiously through communication channels.

My task was clear.

Find out from the general if the reports were authentic and, if so, get a statement.

I had jeeped through the broken city to headquarters and was admitted at once to the commander's office. The chief of staff was departing as I arrived, and the urgency of the situation lay heavy in his eyes. The headquarters room suddenly seemed small as the immenseness of the general, standing alone in his hour of trial, swallowed up dimensions of time and space.

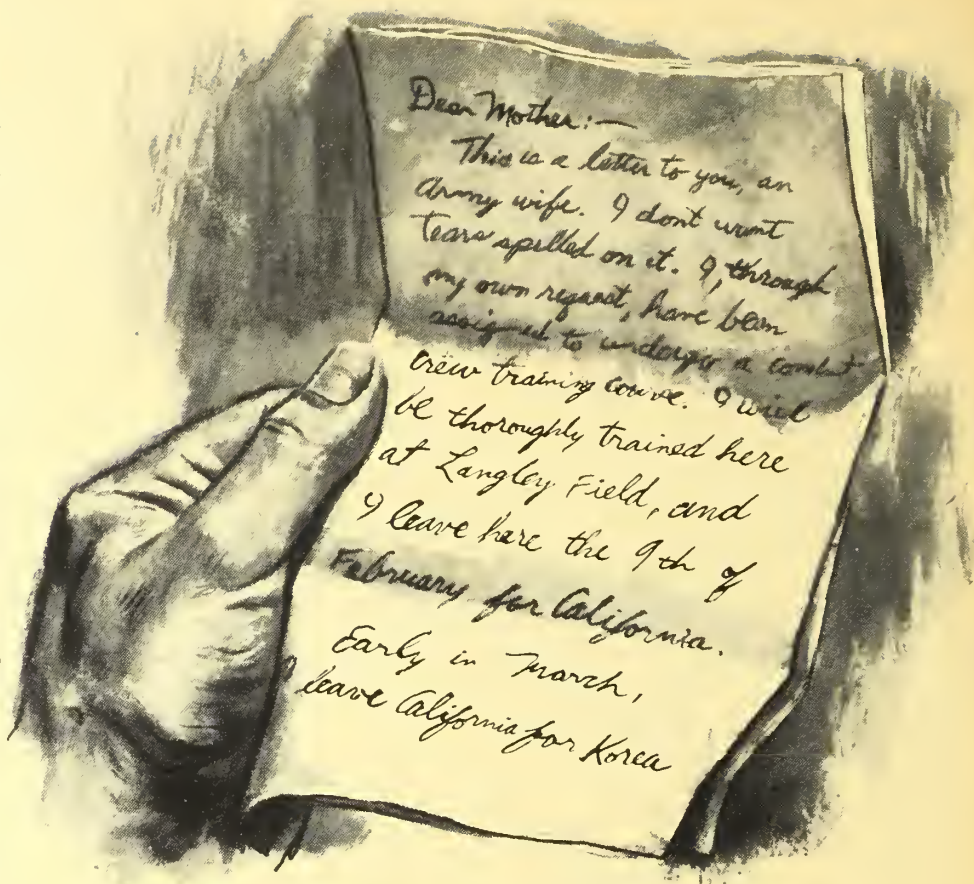
Briefly I stated the purpose of my visit and waited for him to speak. As was his custom, he hadn't returned my salute except with his eyes. And now they were riveted on the map. Somewhere within those contours that bespoke a land of bristling peaks and cavernous valleys there had to be a clue. Perhaps a shattered wing, a splintered prop, a piece of silk from which a man might have wriggled to the sanctuary of a providential cave.

The general broke his silence.

"In answer to the correspondents' questions, I believe first they should be given a letter that concerns this missing airplane and its crew."

The U.N. Ground Forces Commander strode across the room to a personal filing cabinet. Robust and rangy, with large hands and tough ground-consuming legs, General Van Fleet belied his

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN McDERMOTT



Do not pray
for me

The general told what had happened to
the plane. The letter told something else.

60 years of age. He took a letter from a folder.

"Read this, Mac," he said, "and I think you'll get a better grasp of the story."

I took the letter and began reading as the general returned to the map.

Dear Mother: This is a letter to you, an Army wife. I don't want tears spilled on it. I, through my own request, have

been assigned to undergo a combat crew training course. I will be thoroughly trained here at Langley Field, and I leave here the 9th of February for California. Early in March I leave California for Korea...

My reading was interrupted by the general's voice. But no longer was he speaking to me. He was close to the map now and his finger slowly began to



trace a course out of the south in the direction of the 38th parallel. I had the feeling that I no longer existed in his mind. He spoke aloud, but I sensed that for him the room was empty except for the drone of the B-26 at his fingertip as he charted what appeared to be a direct line of aircraft flight.

"The plane started from here, and the flight plan, as I understand it, should have carried them over this ridge in the first 12 or 13 minutes."

"Yessir," I said. Then the general paused for a moment as if considering the problems of the bomber's pilot.

Outside, the sun had slipped behind one of the hills surrounding Seoul, and now the soft twilight pressed into the room as if to shield the emotions of a man who refused defeat.

I turned my eyes to the second paragraph in the letter.

I will fly a B-26 in combat, I am the pilot. I will have a bombardier in the nose, a navigator beside me and a gunner in the rear. We will fly at night. I carry bombs and machine guns and I will know how to use them. . . .

"His target"—it was the general's voice again—"was considerably north of Pyongyang; so he must have followed the normal flight pattern for that area. After he was beyond Pyongyang, he must have come through here . . . at high altitude."

The finger of the Army Commander diagrammed the possibility of attack much as he must have outlined a football play years before as head coach at the University of Florida. The general stepped back from the map to get a better perspective, reflected for a moment, then returned to his imaginative flight. His voice was steady. The letter began to tremble in my hand.

"At about this point right here," he speculated, "the commies may have been aware of attacking aircraft, but the visibility was bad. Probably some flak in this location. The enemy has a lot of stuff in there."

The general paused again. I was suddenly seized with a feeling that I had experienced once as a child in a crowded department store when I became separated from my mother. I recalled a sense of complete and utter loneliness, a bursting pressure in my heart, a manful but unsuccessful determination to stem the tears while searching an unfriendly maze for a face I knew.

I glanced again at the letter.

The time has come that your husband has my support in carrying out America's fight for the right of all men to live without fear. . . .

The general's back was still turned
(Continued on page 54)

So you want To Write A SONG

AUTUMN MOONS, the skies in June, babbling brooks, and wars seem to bring out the songwriting instinct in many of us. At heart, we are all poets and composers—or at least we think we are. Besides, it all seems so easy considering some of the stuff one hears. You write a song, get it published and gain fame and fortune.

It was World War II, plus intriguing advertisements he had seen in newspapers and magazines, that tempted a New York office worker to try his inexperienced hand and ear at composing. The ads all read pretty much the same. In general, their theme went something like this:

\$\$\$ SONGS \$\$\$ Why Don't You
Write the Words for a Song?
We will set your words to
music and aid in publishing.
Send poems on any subject.
Analysis FREE.



Roy Alfred, a veteran of the South Pacific, is a professional with many top hits, such as *Rock and Roll Waltz*, to his credit. Even so, he is unable to get even half his songs published.

The general idea sounded interesting to our budding poet-composer, particularly those big dollar signs. So he dashed off a poem and hurried copies of it off to a number of the advertisers. He called it *The Lonely Soldier's Lament*. Here is a sample verse:

When we said goodbye by the silo
After milking time, at time of eve
Sadly you did cry and petted poor Fido
As I did march away in khaki sleeve
The cows mewed goodbye, the chores were all done
As I turned and marched away to Washington.

Horrible to be sure. Yet the author of that sad bit of poetry got letters of praise and encouragement from most of the song sharks whose ads he had answered. Naturally, along with the praise and encouragement came the word that if he

The odds are a million to
one against you, and it is
easy to be swindled.

By **GEORGE H. WALTZ Jr.**

PHOTOS BY ANGELA CALOMIRIS

would send along a small fee (the fees ranged between \$40 and \$50), they would compose some fine music for his tender lyrics and take care of the other song-publishing details. To a man, they all intimated that with his words they could create a "beautiful commercial song." However, they also pointed out that nothing could be done until the fee was received.

Fortunately, the New York amateur songwriter was neither surprised by the praise nor taken in by the spiel of the song sharks. He happened to be a member of the staff of the National Better Business Bureau who was simply using his bad piece of poetry—corned up as much as he could make it—as a means of building up a file of evidence to show how the con men of the songwriting racket operate.

Unfortunately though, thousands of earnest but hapless amateurs who are less informed pour hard-earned dollars into the coffers of the song sharks. Although their fees generally start in the \$40 to \$50 range, they often amount to considerably more for "incidental expenses" before the amateur is milked dry.

Also, unfortunately, most of these con men who run so-called "songwriting services" manage, by experience and close study of the postal regulations, to stay strictly within the law. Legally, they promise nothing that they don't deliver, if you read their ads and their come-on literature



carefully. They agree to set "your fine words" to music. They promise to provide you with printed copies of your words and their melody; some even promise to throw in a couple of recordings to boot. They promise to promote



your song. Some even agree to get you a copyright.

And they do all of these things. They get a hack tunesmith to put your words to music, but no one has said what kind of music. Cost: about \$3. They get a small printer with an offset press to run off a dozen or so copies of the words and music. Cost: about \$5. They send a few of these copies to music publishers, disk jockeys, recording companies, and singers. Cost: about 12 three-cent stamps. They apply for and get a copyright. Cost: \$4. Total cost to them: \$12.36. Their profit: at least \$30 a sucker. The poem-writer's profit: little more than an inflated ego.

According to the Better Business Bureau, one Midwestern song shark annually copyrights more than 1,500 "songs." At an average profit of \$35 a song, that adds up to a tidy—and easy—income of at least \$50,000 a year! Not a bad annual take for a one-man racket

← You don't have to pay a racketeer a high fee to get a song published. Legitimate concerns will offset your song reasonably.

that can be operated out of a hole-in-the-wall office. One song shark, who happened to overstep the legal points and ran into the open arms of the law not too long ago, was reputed to have an annual take of better than \$100,000! Estimates place the shady songwriting racket, directed at hopefuls and amateurs, as a multimillion dollar con game.

What helps the operators of these "you pay, we'll publish" song factories is that too many of us think that the writing of lyrics or of a complete song is something that comes to the composer as an inspiration out of the blue, something that strikes while riding on a train or doing the household chores. Hit songs just aren't born that way. Legitimate lyric or songwriting is a full-time business, a highly competitive business in which the number of hit songs written by rank amateurs can be counted on a few fingers of your left hand. Each year more than 20,000 compositions are copyrighted in Washington. Of those, fewer than 200 receive any kind of recognition, and only a few dozen ever reach the hit stage. A strict accounting will show that even the average professional songwriter's income is surprisingly low. A good song that sells a quarter of a million records (at 1¢ a side for the songwriter) and 100,000 copies of sheet music (at 3¢ a copy) only bring in a total of \$5,500! Even the hit writer has to write a succession of hits, or near hits, to pay off his grocery bills year after year.

As the great composer Sigmund Rom-



Big song publishing houses such as Chappel & Co. make it a policy to return unsolicited manuscripts unopened.

berg once put it in an article he wrote for the Music Library Association, "Everyone expects a lawyer or an architect to spend years learning his trade—everyone would be horrified if an untrained Army officer attempted to send his men into battle, and yet, one and all

(Continued on page 53)

By **ALBERT G. MILLER**

WORLD WAR II brought varied discomforts to service people stationed ashore in this country, but what plagued me most



was the wretched business of getting out of bed while it was still dark. Not only did I abhor early rising, but I was shocked anew each day when I became sufficiently conscious to realize that before returning to my couch I would face Navy problems which I was not equipped to solve, and which would make me look like the first cousin of a slobbering idiot.

I reached the nadir of my despair the morning I was obliged to roll out even earlier than usual to act as guide and liaison officer to a group of newspaper reporters who were to cover the arrival at New Orleans of a brandnew submarine.

As a civilian I had been a free-lance writer, which meant that I could lie abed



Cockroaches? Why, honey, they ain't nothin' but little old June bugs.

at least until the sun had gotten a pretty good start. But the good life ended one day in 1942 when the Navy Department read my application for a commission and called my bluff. I was appointed a lieutenant (jg.) and set down in the Office of Public Relations at New Orleans.

The Eighth Naval District Commandant, obviously an insomniac, decreed that we dryland sailors were to report for duty aboard "The Ship," (a plain concrete Federal building,) at 0800; so mornings for me were a living death. I quickly learned to hate both moon and stars, which have no business being out in the morning.

At my time of life it was difficult to change my rising habits. I was 36, perhaps the oldest living jg., and getting myself up early was like shaking a bear out of hibernation. When my alarm bell crushed my skull at 0630, I catapulted from the bed like a jack-in-the-box, then

Snafu on the Mississippi

It was top news when the undersea boat got to New Orleans, and top secret except for one magazine.

slowed down and stumbled through my post-rising routine with all the joyous abandon of one of Rossum's Universal Robots. With eyes tightly closed, for there was little reason to open them in that inky room, I would shake my slippers to dislodge any cockroaches which had taken up residence during the night. Here I must add hastily that the presence of that frightening insect was no reflection upon my wife's housekeeping. In the Delta country everybody who is anybody has roaches, although certain sweet-talkin' housewives refer to them euphemistically as "li'l ole June bugs, don't pay 'em no min'." Call them what you will, the natives accepted the crawling, flying monsters stoically, for they were literally everywhere. One day a critical sailor who hailed from Spotless

under the coffee pot. With necessary foresight I always placed the coffee and water in the pot the night before.

In the bathroom, as I scraped the razor across my chin, I always felt that the red-eyed wraith who stared at me from the mirror was the only person in the world who was not in bed. I felt sincerely sorry for myself.

A few months after I had settled into this bleary-eyed rut, the system was disrupted for one day by orders from my commanding officer. The new submarine *Peto* was scheduled to arrive in New Orleans the following morning, and I was to arrange to meet the representatives of the local press, take them down the river and see that they got the whole wonderful story. It actually was a wonderful story, for the *Peto* was

Town, New England, tapped me on the shoulder as I was seated at a lunchroom counter.

"Lieutenant," he said confidentially, "before you start eatin' a hunka pie in this town, always knock first with your fork on the toppa the crust. If the roach comes out to see who it is, flip him off and eat the pie. If he don't come out, send the pie back and order ice cream."

So each morning in New Orleans I emptied my slippers before thrusting my feet into them. Then I shuffled down the black tunnel of the hall to the kitchen and lighted the burner



Who was it that arranged to dock it at such a time?



The line was thrown from the submarine but I nimbly sidestepped.

the first submarine ever to be built at an inland yard, in this case, Manitowoc, Wis. Aboard a floating drydock propelled by a towboat, the 307-foot sub made her slow journey down Lake Michigan to Chicago, thence by way of the canal and the Illinois River to the Mississippi. It was what the speech-makers called a triumph of American ingenuity, and spelled bad news for the enemy, for at New Orleans the *Peto* was to load lethal supplies before heading for the Pacific.

I was excited by this assignment, even though it meant getting up at 0530 instead of 0630. My Public Relations billet kept me confined rather closely to the Federal Building, writing speeches for admirals to read at E Award ceremonies, radio pleas for Wave enlistments, and personal stories for hometown newspapers. About once a week I was permitted to come close to fighting men and ships; that was when I crossed the river to the naval station to buy underwear or overshoes for myself, or

perhaps frankfurters for an office party. It was tough duty. One red-letter day I actually caught a glimpse of the innards of an LST when her bow ramp was down. I felt like a spy.

The arrival of the *Peto* looked like my first opportunity to rub shoulders with men who were soon to go into action. When I met the reporters on the steps of the Federal Building at 0630 a light rain was falling, and the newsmen were naturally griping. I immediately got the feeling that every one of them regarded me as his enemy. After herding them into a station wagon I exhorted them with a brief reminder of the historical importance of the occasion. Cribbing from battle reports which I had thoughtfully studied, I dramatized the dangers of the undersca service, and with the fiery eloquence of Spartacus addressing the gladiators I whipped the press out of a solid stupor into a torpid lethargy.

In hostile silence, broken only by the chattering of fourth estate teeth and the dim murmur of fourth estate billingsgate, we headed for the Chalmette Slips which were situated several miles south of the city. An hour later, after being nonplussed at numerous muddy dead ends, we arrived at our destination. I had pictured this wharf as being alive with busy creatures darting to and fro like the inside of an anthill. The reverse was true. We found nobody within this black cavern but one frightened auxiliary Coast Guardman who thought we were a fifth column bent upon sabotage. It was not until we had pooled all of our identification cards that the little man removed his finger from the trigger of his gun. The fact that a submarine was expected was news to him. He had received no instructions. Was I sure this was the right place? Sure I was sure! I thrust my chin forward indignantly, then slowly drew it back. What made me so sure? I struck a match and consulted the memorandum given me by my com-

(Continued on page 48)



The photographers got the word that pictures of the sub were not allowed.



*You can hurt them with **HAPPINESS***

Character cannot be built by giving children everything they want.



▲ Geometry made her son unhappy. The course was dropped, giving the boy more time for motoring.



By LOUISE EDNA GOEDEN

ARE YOU ONE OF those parents who believes that your child's happiness is the final goal in your life? You're not? Then you *are* unique!

As attendance director in a Midwest senior high school of almost 2,300 students, I am constantly faced with this question: "What will make my child happy?" The parents' intellectual and even moral values seem to disappear before this criterion.

In my experience of almost ten years, I have arrived at the reluctant conclusion that Happiness—spelled with a capital H—is becoming the objective for too many students. And their parents aid and abet them.

Take Mrs. Lueius Brown. When she sank down on the chair I placed for her

opposite my desk, a frown creased her forehead with its fringe of bangs. She threw back her coat with obvious annoyance.

"Really!" she exclaimed, "I can't see any point in this conference. I told you over the phone that I gave Robert permission to drop geometry."

I nodded. "I explained to you, however, that we can't allow a student to drop a subject necessary to his college preparatory course without a personal conference—especially when two weeks of the semester are already gone."

Mrs. Brown raised her voice slightly. "It seems to me that if a parent says it's all right it is not up to the school to question the matter."

I sighed inwardly. "I thought perhaps we ought to go over Robert's program," I explained. "He is planning on taking engineering at college. Geometry is a

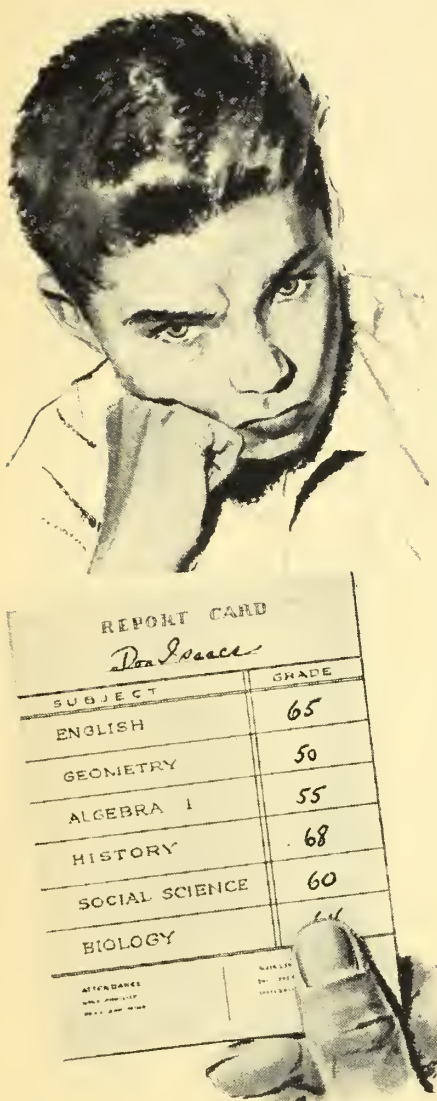
requirement for entrance to that course."

"Then we'll pick a school that doesn't require it," Mrs. Brown indicated that settled it.

I glanced at Robert's biographical folder which had come with him from junior high school. "You are planning



The family obviously was poor but Leroy had to have his own car to keep happy.



Don's father was furious when he found out how the boy had forged his marks.

on the State university, I see. The engineering course there is outstanding."

This seemed to annoy Mrs. Brown even more. "Honestly, I don't see why all the schools have to have such strict rules. If a child doesn't like a subject, why should he have to take it?"

"It's necessary to an understanding of construction work Robert will study later," I said. At this point in an interview it is always difficult for me to hold my temper.

"Well, Robert will get along without it. He keeps telling me every evening how much he dislikes his geometry class and how much time he has to spend to get the problems. He keeps begging to drop the subject. And I can't see him like that. He just isn't happy."

"Is that important?" I asked.

She looked at me as though I had lost my mind.

"What I mean," I explained, "is this: Is Robert's presumed happiness the criterion for measuring whatever he is to do or not to do?"

"I certainly want my children to be

happy," she answered. "That has been my husband's and my aim—to make our children's lives as happy as possible."

I wish I could say I persuaded Mrs. Brown to change her mind, to decide Robert would continue the geometry which he was perfectly capable of mastering but wasn't "happy" with at the moment. Unfortunately, the conference ended with a compromise which was a defeat for all of us. Robert dropped geometry—and with it the chance of taking his planned course at the State university. He also was not permitted to begin a new subject so late in the semester. Consequently, he was a credit short for the term and would either have to take an extra subject in his senior year or go to summer school.

Actually, Robert lost the most, though Mrs. Brown went home smug in the feeling that she had done her best for her son: She had made him happy again.

I know that desire for a child's happiness is based largely on the parent's natural-enough wish to give his child more than he himself had in life. But from my experiences, and those of my colleagues and friends and relatives, the end has come to justify any means. Even when the parent sits in my office and admits, "I can't do a thing with my son (or daughter)," he is still unwilling to fulfill those natural parental responsibilities which will be for the eventual best interest of his child, if not for his



But, they say, you must let them stay out till all hours or they won't be popular.

immediate, less important "happiness."

Take the question of allowing a 16-year-old to own a car. Today he no longer regards that as a privilege but as a right. If the family has money, he will nag until one is forthcoming from the common fund. If the family is poor, he will scrape together the money himself.

Usually one or both parents are opposed to such a purchase. But children have early learned that even a rock wears away under a constant drip-drip of water. Their technique is much the same. They beg and nag and demand

ILLUSTRATED BY RUDY GARCIA

whatever they think necessary to their happiness.

Parents may say "no" at first, but at the end they succumb to the "drip-drip." They may think a car dynamite for a sixteen-year-old. But does that knowledge prevent them from letting him own one? Naturally not. The child has made it very clear that he needs the car to make him happy. What greater consideration is there?

Just recently that attitude was brought to me again. Leroy Frazer wasn't a bright student. He was also inclined to be lazy. When a particularly difficult test was on the books for the day, Leroy was likely to be absent—with a "head-ache" perhaps. His mother was always volubly apologetic and promised to jack him up. But Leroy was one of five children in a household that periodically needed county help.

However, on the spring day I phoned to ask why Leroy was absent again, his mother was triumphant. "He's in school," she assured me. "You must be mistaken."

I promised to recheck. But Leroy was absent and, consequently, truant. I suggested a parental conference.

Mrs. Frazer came in her threadbare coat, her hands coarsened from the work of caring for her five children and husband. "I don't know what got into Leroy," she declared. "Maybe it was the nice spring day. He said he just wanted to get out into the country."

"It would have been nice for everyone to get out," I said. "But we all had to stay on the job. Where did Leroy go?"

"He wanted to try out his new car; so he drove around in the country." The mother seemed almost proud.

"Car!" I exclaimed. "Don't tell me Leroy has a car!"

(Continued on page 45)



Jimmy's money went for whatever made him happy. This included a spinet piano.



The Ideal American Legion Post

Three Legionnaires give their ideas as to what a Legion Post should be.

FIRST PRIZE-WINNING LETTER

By GEORGE MURPHY

Edwin Welch Jr. Post 1132

Seaford, New York



WATCHFUL GUARDIAN of the memory of the Unknown Soldier, loyal comrade to our wartime brethren who lie silently in their graves or toss painfully in their sickbeds, vigorous leader of veterans who, having fought for their country, must share generously its fruits and participate fully in molding its destiny.

Where is to be found sincere dedication to Legion ideals and purposes, thorough understanding of Legion procedure, teamwork in accomplishing the tasks of the Post and Legion, cooperation with and loyalty to the policies and directives of higher echelons of the Legion, and willing compliance with the majority opinion as voiced in Legion Convention.

Where faith in God gives strength and purpose to its every action.

Where is to be found love of country, devotion to its ideals, respect for its heritage, loyalty to its institutions, diligence in its defense, and service to its welfare.

Where service to others, particularly veterans and their families, precedes and transcends service to self.

Where command position is deemed the opportunity for greater service rather than opportunity for greater honor.

Where respect for its officers is equaled by support of their official actions.

Where, in service to the attainment of its objectives, actions speak louder than words.

Where opportunity to serve is measured only by the desire and capability to serve.

Where vigorous discussion and lack of unanimity testify to its healthy democracy rather than to debilitating dissension.

Where the magnanimous and self-sacrificing leave no room for the petty, mean, or self-seeking.

Where men seek to be well informed as well as well organized.

Where initiative and diligence in service are promptly and justly recognized and rewarded.

Where equity and fair-dealing among members and with others is practiced as well as preached.

Where new ideas, courageous actions, enthusiastic and constructive opinion in furtherance of its proper objectives are the rule rather than the exception among its membership.

Where meeting night brings reports of accomplishments well done, plans well considered, and aspirations well fulfilled for the good of the Post and those it serves.

Where the business at hand is never so important or serious that a touch of levity, which so binds men together, shall be smothered or condemned.

Respected in its community for the contributions it has made and the promise it offers in the cause of community well-being and progress.

Where the spirit of fellowship prevails, where good clean fun is the order of the day, where laughter and kindness and praise and understanding abide in ample and proper measure.

My Post: Strong, united, progressive; yet *my Post* only to the extent that I have helped to make it so.

Members of The American Legion National Headquarters staff who judged the Ideal American Legion Post Contest were C. W. Geile, Jr., Chief of Press Section, Public

Relations; Frank X. Kelly, Assistant Director, Membership and Post Activities; Nicholas Lynch, Jr., Director of Field Service; and Mrs. Verna B. Grimm, Librarian.



SECOND PRIZE-WINNING LETTER

By **GEORGE SELGRAT**

North Shore Post 21

Chicago, Illinois

THIS IS MY IDEAL American Legion Post (purely a product of my imagination):

It would not be a big-city Post, but rather one in a suburb of a big city, or in a moderate-sized town a good distance from a metropolis.

It would be the only Legion Post in the municipality, but not necessarily the only recognized veterans' organization.

It would be a Post that has as members at least 50 percent of the eligible veterans in its community, and has about a 50-50 representation of WWI and WWII vets.

It would be a Post that was organized shortly after WWI and one that has grown slowly and solidly with its community.

It would be a Post that has its own Post home—one where the mortgage was burned years ago.

It would be a Post that opens the doors of its Post home many times a year for cultural, civic, political and other gatherings—usually without charge.

It would be a Post that represented a definite cross section of the veteran population of its community—from the banker down to the garage mechanic. Being so constituted, the Post would reflect the views of a greater variety of men, and not those of a solid businessmen's group.

It would be a Post so solidly established that if a stranger came to town and asked any oldster or youngster the location of the Post home, the answer would be direct and correct.

It would be a Post where "civic responsibility" and "for the good of the community" were concrete, golden words to live by.

It would be a Post that is such a vital part of its community—and an entity of such unimpeachable integrity—that the community would unquestioningly support any enterprise to which it gave its support.

It is a Post that never would be known as one which "runs" a town, but rather as a Post which solidified and expanded a community.

It would be a Post whose members occupied several important posts—either salaried or not—in the municipality, so that the Post members could always have a firsthand report on municipal affairs.

It would be a Post where a definite, worthwhile program was running all the time—and sometimes two or three.

It would be a Post where at least 75 percent of the membership could be expected to attend any regular business meeting—and where 100 percent attendance could be expected at many meetings.

It would be a Post where every member had a full Legion uniform—and wore it to every meeting.

It would be a Post that had its own printed publication every month—and a publication of such excellence that it had been cited many times by the Legion echelons above the Post.

It would be a Post where membership almost automatically renewed itself every year *(Continued on page 44)*



THIRD PRIZE-WINNING LETTER

By **AL COOKE**

Hempstead Post 390

Hempstead, New York

THE IDEAL AMERICAN LEGION POST is a Post where you see many Legionnaires at the Post meeting with a 35-year badge on their Legion hat, proudly commenting on the number of Post members wearing 5 or 10-year badges on their Legion hats.

A Post where as you look around the meeting room, you see a dozen or more members with Past Commander's badges on their Legion hats.

A Post where the meetings start promptly, with a salute to the colors, an opening prayer, the recitation of the Preamble and the formal closing.

A Post where the minutes and reports are listened to with attention.

A Post where the younger Legionnaire relies to some extent on the experience of the older Legionnaire on his committee.

A Post where the Mayor of the municipality states his views on the motion that has been put for discussion by the Post Commander who happens to be the driver of a garbage truck for the same municipality.

A Post where each member expresses his views on a question and accepts the decision of the majority.

A Post where the membership officer strives to increase the Post's ranks, yet joins in the prayer for peace to end all wars so that the ranks of the Legion shall not be increased because of the participation of our Nation in more world-wide conflicts.

A Post where a new member is made to feel at home and all new members are initiated according to the ritual amidst the respectful silence of the membership.

A Post where Dave Bernstein seconds Pat Ryan's motion to accept Rev. Mr. Kerr's invitation to hold the Memorial Services for our departed comrades at Christ's First Presbyterian Church.

A Post where the departed comrades, their widows or orphans are never forgotten.

A Post where the Post and its Auxiliary Unit work hand in hand on Child Welfare and other programs.

A Post where those veterans in hospitals and institutions are remembered by Post visitations, bringing to the veteran the luxury of a smoke, refreshment, a handshake and a smile.

A Post that has a diversified social program for its members—clambakes, New Years Party, Past Commander's Dinner, St. Patrick's Day Party, Veterans Day Party, etc., all at a nominal cost.

A Post that has an active rehabilitation officer, well versed in the knowledge of the Rehabilitation program, handling diversified claims, securing grave markers, filling out necessary forms for next of kin, arranging for hospitalization, initiating claims, aiding with civil service problems, etc., performing these services for non-members as well as Legionnaires.

A Post that makes sure that Santa Claus puts toys under the tree for children for whom Santa and Christmas would otherwise be a myth.

A Post that makes sure that the boy down the street is playing baseball, with no time on his hands to get into trouble. *(Continued on page 44)*





Earl Priester Leroy Edwards Larry Goudy Bob Miller Dennis Berman Fred Schueler Ray Bueneman Joe Hendricks Ollie Sweeney

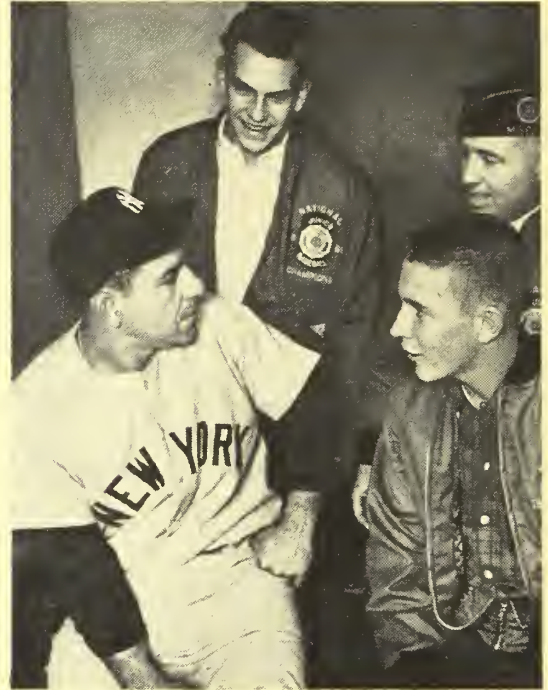
A DAY WITH THE CHAMPS

THIS YEAR, as it has in the past, the Americanism Commission of the American Legion treated The Junior Baseball Champions to a visit to the World Series city and tickets for the first two games.

The 1956 champions from Post 245, St. Louis, Mo., actually got a three-day visit to the big town when the second game of the series was rained out and the Americanism Commission extended the team's visit so that the boys could see the second game between the Yankees and Dodgers. *(Continued on page 41)*



When the second game was rained out, the Legion Champs used the time to visit the Yankee Stadium with Yankee scout Lou Maguolo.



Bob Miller, right, Dennis Creech, left rear, and Al Grosch, right with Legion cap, visit with Yogi Berra, who once played with Post 245's team.

1956 AMERICAN LEGION JUNIOR BASEBALL CHAMPIONS—POST 245, ST. LOUIS, MO.



Alan Gevers Lloyd Root Robert Hardcastle Dennis Creech Ralph Goltz Rogers Robinson Gary Schnur Al Grosch

THREE DAYS IN NEW YORK CITY—PLACES AND PEOPLE

PHOTOS BY DONATO LEO



1. The top of the Empire State Building. 2. Some inside baseball information from Pittsburgh manager Bobby Bragan. 3. Batting tips from Tommy Dowd of the Boston Red Sox. 4. On the *Good Morning* TV show with Will Rogers, Jr. 5. Al Schacht, the Clown Prince of Baseball, tells a funny story. 6. Dave Garroway introduces the team on the *Today* program.



A DIGEST OF EVENTS WHICH ARE OF PERSONAL INTEREST TO YOU

KOREA BONUS, OHIO:

Voters at the polls on Election Day approved payment of an Ohio Korea bonus, with 71% of voters approving. . . . About 280,000 Ohio K vets are eligible. . . . Amount of payment is \$10 for each month of stateside duty, \$15 for each month of overseas, at-sea, or Alaskan duty, up to a maximum payment of \$400. . . . Time spent in brig doesn't count. . . . Certain next-of-kin can claim bonus of deceased K vets, and full amount of \$400 is payable if death was due to service. . . . Discharge must be under honorable conditions, except that those still in service or in retired status are also eligible. . . . Service in Armed Forces counting toward eligibility must have been between June 20, 1950 and July 19, 1953. . . . WW2 vets who drew WW2 Ohio bonus may also draw Koreaa bonus if they meet its conditions. . . . Residence: vet must have been Ohio resident for at least a year immediately before entering Armed Forces for Korea service. . . . Ohio Korea vets may submit claims for bonus through American Legion Post service officers and County veterans service officers. . . . Eligibles now living outside Ohio may write for application blanks and full info to: Service Director, American Legion of Ohio, Station E, Box 6867, Columbus, Ohio. . . . There may be a slight delay before application blanks are ready. . . . Last date for filing is Jan. 1, 1959.

* * * *

KOREA BONUS, WEST VIRGINIA:

West Virginia voters approved a Korea bonus at the polls on Election Day. . . . State legislature, which convenes Jan. 9, must still enact enabling laws during its 90-day session to provide actual payment, is expected to do so. . . . Probably no payments will be made before July 1.

Payment will be based on service between June 27, 1950 and July 27, 1953. . . . Amount will be \$10 for each month of stateside service and \$15 for each month of foreign duty. . . . Ninety days of active service during the eligibility period is needed to qualify for any payment, unless discharge in less than 90 days was due to service-connected disability.

Top payment is \$300 for those with only stateside duty, \$400 for those with some foreign duty. . . . Discharge must be "not dishonorable." . . . Restricted classes of next-of-kin may receive bonus of deceased veteran. . . . Bona fide residence in West Virginia for at least six months prior to entering Armed Forces for Korea duty required. . . . About 71,000 West Virginia K-vets should be eligible. . . . No machinery for paying bonus will roll until legislature passes enabling act. . . . The bonus will be administered by State Department of Veterans Affairs, Charleston, West Virginia.

* * * *

KOREA BONUS, IOWA:

Iowa voters at the polls on Election Day approved an Iowa Korea bonus. . . . Rate is \$10 per month stateside

duty, \$12.50 for overseas duty, with maximum of \$500. . . . Honorable service between June 27, 1950 and July 27, 1953 provides eligibility. . . . Applications are not now available, and no payment will be paid before next July. . . . Deadline for filing is Dec. 31, 1960.

* * * *

KOREA BONUS, RHODE ISLAND:

There will be a slight delay before results of the vote on a Korea bonus in Rhode Island are reported. . . . Elections were close and final details were not available at presstime for "Newsletter." . . . Armed Forces absentee ballots in Rhode Island not counted until Dec. 6. . . . K-bonus undoubtedly got by all right, but official word delayed.

* * * *

AMA STILL EMBARRASSING DOCTORS IN ITS ATTITUDE ON VET CARE:

United Press on Nov. 28 reported an amazing resolution passed by the Oklahoma County (Okla.) Medical Society, a local branch of the American Medical Ass'n. . . . Oklahoma resolution threatened to discipline doctor members who treat patients in VA hospitals, for gov't fees ranging from \$25 to \$50 a visit, unless basis of admission of each patient treated is acceptable to the County Medical Society. . . . Same resolution gave 90-day ultimatum to Federal VA hospital in Oklahoma City to admit patients according to standards of County medical society or face walk out of the 60-odd private physicians who practice part-time there. . . . Brash action to refuse treatment unless Federal standards conform to County Medical Society demands (backed up by the society's strong police power over individual doctor members) reflects national AMA indoctrination of member groups that VA care of vets should be opposed as "privileged class" legislation.

Simultaneously, national AMA endorsed appeal to Congress that doctors should be granted freedom from all income tax on money they set aside for their retirement. . . . After many quiet months on this front, these new fulminations of the double-standard of "special privilege" by AMA politicians threaten to make 1957 another year of embarrassment for America's practicing physicians.

The Oklahoma action, being a threatened strike against the government and a refusal to treat the sick even when paid to do so, raises profound questions of medical ethics as well as of the coercive power of local medical societies over their members. . . . If the Oklahoma City VA hospital is admitting veteran patients contrary to the restrictive laws governing such admissions, there are legitimate avenues of investigation and enforcement which the local medical society has recourse to. . . . If, as has happened before, the local medical society simply disapproves of the Federal laws governing veteran care, then the society is attempting to take the law into its own hands. . . . Such action by it exposes the entire medical profession to embarrassment, invites governmental curbs on organized medicine.

VA HOSPITALS STEPPING UP RELEASE OF REHABILITATED CHRONIC PATIENTS:

VA medical program is making great headway with intelligent approach to problem of keeping VA medical program costs low while rendering best service. . . . It has been accelerating the rehabilitation and discharge of long-term patients, previously maintained as semi-hopeless "bed occupants." . . . Latest report is that of a group of 4,263 long-term patients earmarked a year ago for a special rehabilitation effort, 1,159 have been discharged. . . . Now 49 VA hospitals have special wards or sections where long-term patients are prepared for a return to the "outside world."

* * * *

LOCAL PUBLICITY IMPORTANT FOR "WAR ORPHANS" EDUCATION ACT:

Gov't educational aid, of the same general sort provided veterans under the WW2 and Korea GI Bills, has been available since August to children of men and women who lost their lives due to service-connected causes. . . . This is a brand new area of educational assistance, providing both college and vocational education help to young people who lost one of their parents as a result of service-connected causes, and has been reported here before. . . . However, there are thousands of young people who can receive this important aid who apparently haven't heard of it yet. . . . Legion Posts would do well to see that the basic fact that such aid is available is well-publicized in local newspapers and on local radio stations. . . . Where Legion Posts doubt their ability to furnish possible eligible young men and women with all the details, refer them either to the county service officer or directly to the nearest Veterans Administration regional office, and ask them to inquire about educational benefits under the War Orphans Education Act.

By the first of November, 4,300 children of deceased veterans were getting educational help under this law. . . . 96% of them were in college, 4% in vocational schools. . . . A "war orphan" under this act may still have one parent living and actually be only a half-orphan. . . . Deceased parent may have been killed or died in service, or have died after service of causes which the VA recognizes as service-connected.

Failure to pass word promptly may deprive eligible boys and girls of benefits, as they only apply during (roughly) the years immediately following high school, and if not used promptly are missed. . . . Some may miss education beyond high school completely, which they could have had, unless this information is widely disseminated now.

* * * *

VETS DISABILITY BENEFITS SUBTRACTED FROM SOCIAL SECURITY DISABILITY BENEFITS:

Many vets have written to "Newsletter" asking clarification of provisions of the new Social Security law which provides Social Security benefits at age 50 to persons who are permanently and totally disabled. . . . It is a fact that these new Social Security benefits, based upon disability, will be reduced by the amount of any other payment made to the applicant by the Federal Gov't that is based upon disability. . . . This does not apply to Social Security payments based upon age (at age 65 for men or at age 62 for women), but it does apply to Social Security payments based upon disability. . . . Veterans will also

find that the Social Security Agency will not necessarily measure total and permanent disability for purposes of Social Security payments in the same manner that the Veterans Administration measures permanent and total disability for the purpose of paying veterans benefits. . . . By and large, the Social Security measurement of permanent and total disability is more stringent than the VA standards.

* * * *

WHO GETS SOCIAL SECURITY?

Here is an up-to-date listing of persons who may be eligible for Social Security monthly payments. . . . Whether or not any one individual listed below qualifies for monthly payments depends also upon other things. . . . Present earnings affect all classes of potential eligibles. . . . In some cases standards of dependency or disability, etc., must be met. . . . These things can only be resolved by review of the individual case at the local Social Security office. . . . With that understood, here are the basic potential eligible persons for the three types of monthly Social Security payments under all amendments to the Social Security laws now in effect:

A. Retirement payments:

1. Insured man, over 65.
2. Wife (over 62) of insured man, when husband is drawing retirement benefits.
3. Insured woman (over 62).
4. Dependent husband (over 65) of insured woman, when wife draws retirement benefits.
5. Under-18 child of insured man or woman, when parent draws retirement benefits.
6. Disabled child (any age) of insured parent who draws retirement benefits, if child was disabled before age 18.

B. Survivor benefits:

1. Widow (over 62) of insured man.
2. Widow (any age) of insured man, when caring for his under-18 child.
3. Dependent, divorced wife (any age) of deceased insured man, when caring for his under-18 child.
4. Widow (any age) of insured man, when caring for his disabled child (any age) if child was disabled before age 18.
5. Dependent, divorced wife (any age) of deceased insured man, when caring for his disabled child (any age) if child was disabled before age 18.
6. Child (under 18) of deceased insured parent.
7. Disabled child (any age) of deceased insured parent, if child was disabled before age 18.
8. Dependent father (over 65) of deceased insured man or woman.
9. Dependent mother (over 62) of deceased insured man or woman.
10. Dependent widower (over 65) of insured woman.
11. Step-parents, foster parents, foster children, etc., may also be substituted for parents and children under above headings.

C. Disability payments:

1. Totally disabled insured man or woman, if over age 50.

JANUARY 1957

Legion Meets New Year With Multiple Aims and Objectives

Beginning of the new year brings with it a large catalog of items of current interest to The American Legion, war veterans and their dependents.

Among these, some of which are covered in more detail on other pages, are the following:

1. Major Legion legislative aims in the field of **veterans benefits**, as the 85th Congress opens its first session include:

(a) Compensation increases for service-disabled veterans.

(b) Improved veterans pensions, especially eased pension eligibility for WWI vets over 65 years old.

(c) Establishment of pension eligibility for widows of WWII and Korea vets on same basis as for widows of WWI vets.

(d) Creation of a veterans Affairs Committee in the U. S. Senate.

2. American Legion **membership** presented an odd pattern and an opportunity at the year's end. Paid-up memberships for 1957 ran about 300,000 ahead of the same period for 1956. The mass of early renewals was chiefly a rush to get in under the wire of the December deadline for the National dues increase. Heavy early renewals—not necessarily a true increase in total membership—did give all Posts a better chance to build up *new* membership in the winter months, with so many renewals out of the way.

Nat'l Cmdr Dan Daniel promptly proclaimed an "Ask Your Neighbor" drive for new members in January, February and March (See p. 32). Post membership workers will probably never again be so free from working on renewals so early in the year, and have the best chance yet to concentrate on new members.

3. The year begins with a king-size louse-up regarding **survivors benefits** which will plague the VA, veterans service officers and the Congress for many moons.

Indications are that tens of thousands of veterans' survivors have chosen the new benefits provided them under Public Law 881 in preference to the older compensation, without knowing what they were doing.

Miserably complicated law, and fail-

ure of VA to explain it properly to survivors in spite of a mighty effort, is responsible for lash-up.

Biggest victims of stinkeroo are dependent parents, very few of whom can gain by choosing the new benefits.

This magazine warned dependent parents in November issue to make no choice at all now, since not even the experts have been able to digest the full meaning of PL881's devious implications for them yet.

But as early as Nov. 21, more than 11,500 dependent parents had chosen the new benefits in correspondence to one VA regional office alone.

Probably 80% to 90% chose wrongly, while 100% did not know what they were doing.

VA instruction to them, though it tried not to, let them feel they should choose new benefits as a matter of form.

Before this is straightened out, those involved in the PL881 problem may

consume the entire national aspirin product.

To write PL881, Congress by-passed the House Veterans Affairs Committee, gave job to ambitious but inexperienced (in vets affairs) special committee. Last big vets law handled outside vets committee in House was Economy Act of 1933 (remember?), clear evidence that the right committee should handle vets affairs in the House and that the Senate should have its own vets committee.

4. What to do about the growing money shortage for **GI loans** was a year-end problem to all concerned.

With interest rates on non-GI loans higher, money tight and getting tighter, and GI mortgages pegged at 4½% interest, less and less money was available to vets for homes from private lenders, except at discounts that made the vet's low interest rate a fictional advantage only.

On Dec. 1, the FHA upped the interest rate on FHA mortgages to 5%, leaving the GI program the only remaining Federal mortgage deal operating on a basic 4½% interest rate.

On Dec. 9, 10 and 11 (too late to report the results here) a special Legion study group met in Washington to recommend a Legion policy on the problem. Wide interest in the meeting was expressed by gov't finance experts, lenders and builders, in addition to vets themselves.

Special study group included Past Nat'l Cmdr Seaborn P. Collins (N. Mex.); A. Andrew Boemi (Chicago); Harry R. Fruehauf (Detroit); James W. Doon (N. H.), and Edward T. Foster (Nebr.)

5. The Legion was going before the 85th Congress with a set of ancient requests, always met by inaction, regarding **nat'l cemeteries** and decent respect to those who were missing in action in the nation's wars.

With vast areas of the country having no nat'l cemetery, and with many existing nat'l cemeteries full, the Legion would ask for the creation of some new cemeteries.

It looked again like a forlorn quest, unless some heavy guns are trained on the problem.

Bills for new nat'l cemeteries are habitually allowed to perish of old age in the House Interior and Insular Affairs Committee, due largely, it is reported,

THANKS, LEGION



THANKS TO LEGION from Polio Poster Girl for 1957, Marlene Olson, Massachusetts polio victim, presents golden hypo needle to Nat'l Cmdr Dan Daniel in recognition of fund drives for March of Dimes conducted by Dept's of The American Legion.

to quiet effective work of private cemetery lobbies who say little in public but seem to have a way about them.

Due also in part to inertia and a fondness for the status quo in the Army's cemetery-managing wing.

Due, again, in part to the way different sections of the country will clamor for the next new nat'l cemetery to be placed in *their* area.

In addition to seeking specific cemeteries, the Legion would ask that all nat'l cemeteries be taken from the Army and be run by a civilian commission, a proposal that President Eisenhower made when he was Chief of Staff, and has been in a position to implement for four years.

And once again the Legion will seek a decent memorial to be established in nat'l cemeteries for those missing in action.

This job seemed done once when a bill was passed providing for a plot in nat'l cemeteries on which to place a marker for the missing in action.

But the law was so worded in its final draft that the Army memorial division was able to make it fall short of its purpose.

The Legion aim here is simple and inexpensive. It would like the Government to erect a plaque on one small piece of ground in each nat'l cemetery listing those from the area served by the cemetery who were reported miss-

ing in action, as is done in many overseas cemeteries.

Just why these things are so hard to accomplish is a mystery. While those bodies recovered on foreign battlefields are returned to the U. S. on request of next of kin, and buried with honors in nat'l cemeteries, a vast wall of quiet resistance seems to generate against the idea of merely posting the names of the missing in action.

Similarly, the Legion runs into inexplicable resistance with an alternate proposal that the Gov't furnish a marker for the missing in action which families may place in a private cemetery, if that be their wish.

It may become necessary to focus a bright light on these problems and bring some public interest to bear on the mysterious resistance against simple steps to honor our fallen comrades whose bodies were never found.

Beyond some plaques in overseas cemeteries, our country does nothing to memorialize them.

6. Probably nothing could be done about the provision in Public Law 880, passed by the last Congress which provided (in establishing Social Security benefits for persons disabled at age 50) that any other benefits received from the Federal Gov't for disability would be *subtracted* from their Social Security disability payment.

Basic evil of that provision is the

principle established. It says that all people must pay for Social Security as a form of *compulsory insurance*. But payments paid out may be treated by the gov't as a *benefit or dole* from the Treasury, to be equated with and reduced by "other" gov't benefits.

With that provision, Congress sounded the death knell of the last remaining fiction that Social Security is insurance.

PL880 came close to being a sneak bill. Hearings on it were not heard in the House, though they were in the Senate, where the "reduction of benefits" clause was opposed, unsuccessfully.

Last Feb. 7, the Legion opposed the clause by letter to the Senate Finance Committee. Senator Walter George of Georgia opposed it on the Senate floor, and the Senate Finance Committee rejected that clause. But it was worked back into the bill in the closing days of the Congress.

Behind-the-scenes manipulating of such an important matter of principle is a warning that while the Bradley and Hoover ideas may be dead on the front pages, they are very much alive in the cubby holes of gov't.

PL880 is pure Bradley in its thinking and was drafted before the Bradley Report was made.

The effectiveness of this kind of thinking in high places is an omen for the year ahead that veterandom should not be asleep to the possibility of "quiet"

WHERE THE DISABLED ASK NO QUARTER

One of the most aggressive small firms in the electronics field today is the Paraplegics Manufacturing Company, in the Chicago Suburb of Franklin Park, Ill.

The company is entirely owned and manned by disabled men and women (not all of whom are paraplegics.) Far from being a charitable sheltered workshop for the disabled, Paraplegics Company is strictly in business to succeed.

Dwight Guilfoil, Jr., company president, asks only one

"break," namely to be permitted to bid competitively for orders against all comers. Firm's 100 employees get the going rate for their work, and its growing success since founded in 1951 is strictly on the basis of competition with rival firms.

In its brief history, Paraplegics Company has successfully bid for and produced electronic and electrical jobs for 19 major U.S. corporations as well as the Army and Navy.



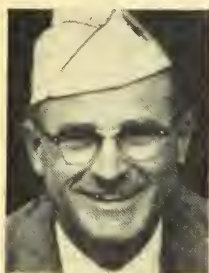
In the shop and in the executive offices, everyone at Paraplegics Mfg. Co. has a physical handicap. Firm capitalizes on



employee skills rejected by others because of irrelevant disabilities. Intricate electronics jobs are the company's specialty.

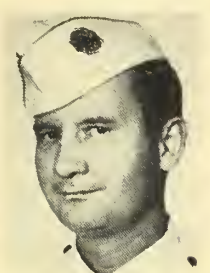
DEPARTMENT COMMANDERS FOR 1956-57 (Others appeared in earlier issues)

FRANCE



CARL J. BATTER, JR.
Post 1
Paris

IDAHO



HAWLEY ATKINSON
Post 2
Boise

INDIANA



REED BEARD
Post 33
Bedford

MARYLAND



LEROY G. METZ
Post 42
Hagerstown

NEBRASKA



JOHN R. COOPER
Post 269
Humboldt

OKLAHOMA



COLEMAN NOLEN
Post 123
Okemah

PUERTO RICO



ENRIQUE N. VELA
Post 22
Ciales

RHODE ISLAND



JAMES W. REDGATE
Post 42
Pawtucket

UTAH



PARLEY E. JENSEN
Post 9
Ogden

VERMONT



RAY GREENWOOD
Post 3
Montpelier

James Schaus (all 1950), Post 665, Buffalo, N. Y.
Moe Grahaw and Harry Goldman (both 1956), Post 724, New York, N. Y.
Samuel Williams (1956), Post 1017, Yonkers, N. Y.
Edmund J. O'Keefe (1951), Post 1225, Bronx, N. Y.
Stanley T. Skomski (1950), Post 1322, North Tonawanda, N. Y.
Anthony Persico (1956), Post 1472, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Thomas W. Bird and Robin S. Kirby (both 1955), Post 9, Charlotte, N. C.
Charles F. Jezek (1955), Post 11, Prague, Okla.
Ralph M. Altenderfer and Harry R. Matten and Jesse R. Conner and Frank D. Fee (all 1945), Post 12, Reading, Pa.
Louis E. Samuels (1944) and Stuart Kepler (1945) and Ormond F. Fitzgerald (1946) and George Klinge (1947), Post 153, Philadelphia, Pa.
Raymond Leroy Kane (1954) and Walter Lavern Alexander (1955), Post 162, Sharpsville, Pa.
Charles M. Kalbach and Elmer B. Miller (both 1947) and B. Frank Sheidy (1955), Post 732, Bernville, Pa.
Joseph D. Derouin (1956), Post 34, Shannock, R. I.

Thomas Dolan (1953), Post 60, Providence, R. I.
William B. Dorris (1949) and Mrs. Elvie F. Williams (1951) and Howard Hamilton (1954), Post 79, Alpine, Tex.
Gordon W. Shufelt (1953), Post 21, Newport, Vt.
Hettie W. Wusthoff (1956), Post 4, Seattle, Wash.
Lester J. Maitland (1927) and Gen. Douglas MacArthur (1942) and Gen. Paul B. Clemens (1953), Post 23, Milwaukee, Wis.

Post Commanders or Adjutants are asked to report life membership awards to "Life Memberships," The American Legion Magazine, 720 5th Ave., New York 19, N. Y. Date of award is requested in all cases.

UNCLAIMED MONEY, VI:

Who Owns It?

The persons named below have at least \$200 coming to them from the Army.

Go over these names to see if you can spot yourself or someone you know.

If so, contact *Undeliverable Check Section, Special Claims Division, Finance Center, U. S. Army, Indianapolis 49, Indiana.*

Avala-Diaz, Luis, Rio Piedras, P. R.
Corchado-Canales, Luis, Arecibo, P. R.
Corrales, Severo, Tucson, Ariz.
Crowther, John H., Leonia, N. J.
Cunningham, James H., San Diego, Calif.
Danphiney, Margaret, Fort Dix, N. J.
Davenport, James G., Nashville, Tenn.
Davis, James W., St. Louis, Mo.
Davis, John H., Ft. Leavenworth, Kans.
Davis, Plummer Jr., Brownsville, Tenn.
Defelhaugh, Walter E., Ft. Scott, Kans.
Dejesus, Eugenio, New York, N. Y.
Delgado-Cruz, Michael, Santurce, P. R.
Derewianko, Gene A., New York, N. Y.
Diaz, Ramon A., Rio Piedras, P. R.
Dildine, Thomas L., St. Louis, Mo.
Dippolito, Peter, Trenton, N. J.
Dixon, Nathaniel, Philadelphia, Pa.
Dolan, James H., Lompoc, Calif.
Domachowski, Robert L., Cleveland, Ohio
Dorigo, Louis G., Evanston, Ill.

moves to wipe out more and more vets' benefits on the theory that uncle has "given" everyone Social Security, and that's enough, brother.

7. As the new year began, Legion service officers were worried about the insurance coverage of men and women now in the Armed Services who now enjoy free indemnity.

The Legion does not have any avenues for reaching men in service with vital information, often has to tussle with mistakes they make in their private affairs when they leave the service and become veterans.

In this case, service officers see trouble ahead for men in service who have waived paying all or part of their service insurance premiums in order to take advantage of the free premiums provided up to now under Servicemen's Indemnity.

This indemnity will no longer cover them in 1957. Best advice to all men in service is to get back under a service policy on which they pay the full freight.

There are many complexities which will confuse those in service when they are advised in detail about their insurance coverage. Many will get so confused in receiving more advice than is necessary that they will miss the main point.

The main point is that as soon as possible after Jan. 1 all men in service should undertake to carry every cent of their service insurance out of their own pockets. But it will be hard to get the word to them in such simple fashion.

LIFE MEMBERSHIPS:

The citation of an individual Legionnaire to life membership in his Post is a testimonial by those who know him best that he has served The American Legion well.

Below are listed some of the previously unpublished life memberships that have been reported to the editors. They are arranged by States.

Leland Carver and Charles B. Dawson (both 1951), Post 350, Los Angeles, Calif.
Joseph A. Treadwell (1946) and Frank M. Stone (1947), Post 60, Danbury, Conn.
Howard S. Fisk (1949) and James J. Murphy (1953), Post 1, Washington, D. C.
Victor J. Farrar (1946), Post 13, Washington, D. C.
A. Gray Dawson (1950) and Walter S. Smith (1954), Post 44, Washington, D. C.
Bert L. Chapman (1951), Post 117, Cerro Gordo, Ill.
Harry E. Carlson (1946), Post 695, Chicago, Ill.
Peter B. Mouw (1954), Post 199, Sioux Center, Iowa.
Roy O. Claypool and Jack F. LaVelle and Kenneth W. Lockridge (all 1955), Post 488, North English, Iowa.
Harvey A. Peltier, Sr. (1950), Post 11, Thibodaux, La.
A. Ben Alber (1954) and Melvin C. Pierce (1955), Post 46, Ann Arbor, Mich.
Rev. Carleton Brooks Miller (1943) and Paul A. Martin and J. Addington Wagner (both 1953) and Bert Beardsley (1954), Post 54, Battle Creek, Mich.
Walter H. E. Scott (1955), Post 88, Detroit, Mich.
Joseph Turan (1956), Post 301, Rapid River, Mich.
Louis Meyers and William R. Steckling (both 1956), Post 416, St. Helen, Mich.
Harry Thompson (1956), Post 459, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Louis M. Berghauer (1952), Post 231, Camden, N. J.
William T. Cavanaugh (1953), Post 100, Rochester, N. Y.
Edward A. Stern (1945), Post 209, New York, N. Y.
William Kohler (1949) and William F. Harter, Sr. (1953) and Frank J. Bishop (1954), Post 134, Rochester, N. Y.
Charles Fred Schmidt (1923) and Wallace C. McGregor (1946), Post 229, Utica, N. Y.
Harold Bucken (1953), Post 303, Rockville Centre, N. Y.
Rene A. Freyre and Albert J. Cooke (both 1954), Post 390, Hempstead, N. Y.
Frank C. Reitter and Bartlett C. Coss and F.

Nat'l Commander Inaugurates Special "Ask Your Neighbor" Membership Drive

By DAN DANIEL

National Commander, The American Legion

More than 18 million veterans, eligible to join The American Legion, are the next door neighbors of Legionnaires.

Their membership would make our American Legion bigger and better.

The majority have proved to be good citizens and good neighbors. Millions would join The American Legion if they were asked to join. Please give them that opportunity in a special membership campaign between now and The American Legion's birthday on March 15. Let's embark on a nationwide "Ask Your Neighbor" campaign. Let's ask every eligible veteran to join The American Legion. That is the only way that every non-member who is eligible, and who would join if asked, will join.

We take it for granted that you know why they should belong to The American Legion, or you would not be reading these words. Our special "Ask Your Neighbor" plan is simple of operation. It has no special gimmicks, no special awards, no confusing phases. It simply asks each and every member of our organization to visit with his—or her—neighbor and ask three questions:

- (1) Are you a veteran?
- (2) May I take your application for membership in The American Legion?
- (3) Will you be my guest at the next meeting of my Post?

Top membership-getters have esti-

mated that 7 out of 10 veterans who are asked to join The American Legion will join it. So I am asking you to give those 7 out of 10 the opportunity. As your National Commander, I appeal to you to help carry out this special membership campaign for 1957.

We can define the term "neighbor," for the purpose of this campaign, as "the folks next door, or in your neighborhood," your business associates, fellow workers, the people you know, you like, or that you don't know but want to get to know.

Neighbors are folks you meet every day on the bus, or in the stores. The man in the next office, across the hall, or the fellow in the next pew in church on Sunday. All good neighbors.

Neighbors are your fellow Americans everywhere. If they have served honorably in World War I, World War II, or the Korean War they are eligible to join our ranks.

So please "Ask Your Neighbor"—and keep asking all of your neighbors from now until The American Legion birthday, March 15-17. With your help we'll celebrate the greatest American Legion membership of all time.

Let's ask those *who can* to join up with us in this forward march of 1957 membership in the great American Legion.



MEMBERSHIP BEARD gets measured. Service officer Jim Mitchell, of Post 834, Fallsington, Pa., takes the measure of beard which Post Commander Howard Johnson, left, vowed would stay unshaved until Post got 150 members. He was then 25 short.

VETERANS DAY:

Nat'l Observance

The American Legion National Observance of Veterans Day took place in New Orleans, La., on Sunday, Nov. 11. Thus for the second time since Veterans Day was first celebrated in 1954 (Nov. 11 was formerly known as Armistice Day) the Legion conducted its celebration at a historic site other than Arlington (Va.) National Cemetery, traditional setting for the Legion celebration. Last year's Legion observance was held at Gettysburg, Pa. (Under the new method of observing Veterans Day the Veterans Administration invites one veterans organization to conduct ceremonies at Arlington National Cemetery; The American Legion was the first organization to do so—in 1954—under this arrangement and will next do so there in 1960 in accordance with the rotating plan established by the Veterans Administration.)

This year's program in New Orleans began at 11:00 a.m. at Chalmette National Cemetery in Chalmette National Park, scene of Sir Edward Pakenham's charge against Andrew Jackson's battle-line in the Battle of New Orleans, Jan. 8, 1815. Here Nat'l Cmdr Dan Daniel and Nat'l Auxiliary President Mrs. Carl Zeller (Ohio) placed a single giant wreath representing the American flag on behalf of all Legionnaires and Auxiliary members and all the Nation's veterans. Nat'l Chaplain Father Bernard



MEMBERSHIP DRIVE IN PUBLIC was run recently by Post 176, Everett, Mass., which got new members as a result of manned booth set up in the town square in Everett.

W. Gerdon (Ind.) delivered the principal address.

At a 1:00 p.m. luncheon honoring Nat'l Cmdr Daniel and Nat'l Auxiliary President Mrs. Zeller numerous State and civic dignitaries heard the principal address given by Ralph Stone, director of veterans benefits for the VA, and were entertained by Morton Downey and his trio.

The mammoth Veterans Day Parade began at 6:00 p.m. It was led by Nat'l Cmdr Daniel and Maj Gen. Raymond Hufft, commander of the Louisiana National Guard.

The concluding ceremony was held in Municipal Auditorium and was highlighted by the remarks of Nat'l Cmdr Daniel. In a major radio network address he spoke out strongly against Soviet Russia for its recent actions in Hungary. In answer to his question, "What are we going to do about it? What is the answer for our national survival?" the National Commander said, "The first step, in the opinion of The American Legion, is for the U.N. to indict Russia for its crime against humanity and the Genocide Convention in Hungary and then to kick Russia out of the United Nations."

Throughout the day many Legion officials—among them: Nat'l Adj't E. A. Blackmore (Wyo.), Ass't Nat'l Adj't William Hauck (Ind.), Nat'l Public Relations Director James V. Day (Maine), Past Nat'l Cmdr James F. O'Neil (N. H.)—visited many Posts in the New Orleans area and took part in the various Post celebrations of Veterans Day. As one longtime observer of Legion functions said of the program at New Orleans, it was "a very, very successful operation."

POST PROGRAMS:

Watching Washington

Experience of thousands of American Legion Posts indicates that the best way for Posts to use the *National Legislative Bulletin* of The American Legion is for the Post to subscribe to it in the name of the chairman of the Post legislative committee, who should be appointed early in each Post Commander's term.

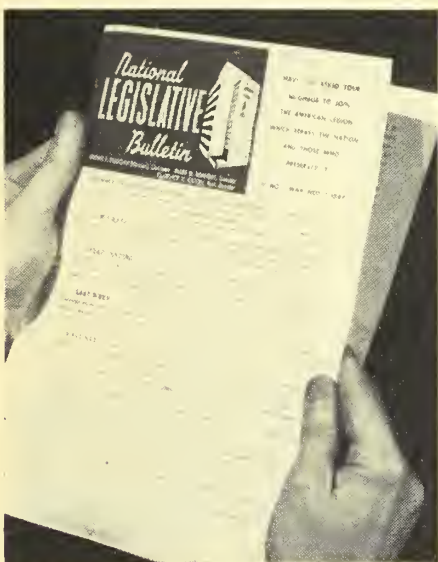
The Post legislative chairman should study the bulletins carefully, incorporate the most important information in each issue in his regular report to Post business meetings, then place the bulletin in a hard-cover binder for the Post's permanent records.

At least once a year, a special report from the Post legislative chairman should be placed on the agenda as a feature of a regular Post meeting. This has the double effect of providing an occasional special program for a Post meeting, and at the same time keeping the members closely informed on the

progress of Legion policies in Washington.

The Post legislative chairman can review in his own words highlights of Congressional doings in which the Legion is interested, based on his reading of current and recent issues of the *Legislative Bulletins*, and then read to the members key passages from the *Legislative Bulletin* itself to augment such a special report.

The *National Legislative Bulletin* gives a running, up-to-the-minute account of Congressional doings related to veterans' interests, gives background



American Legion Legislative Bulletin keeps thousands of Posts and Units up on how vets are faring in the Congress.

material on those who support and those who oppose Legion legislative requests, and reports Congressional votes on the most important bills of Legion interest from time to time.

The Bulletin comes out every two weeks when Congress is in session, once a month when Congress is not in session. It is edited in the office of the Nat'l Legislative Director of The American Legion in Washington.

All 1956 subscriptions to the *National*

Legislative Bulletin have now expired, and renewals for 1957 should be forwarded promptly to prevent missing issues. Annual subscription is \$3. Coupon appears on this page for Posts and Units to order their 1957 subscription.

RELIGION:

Chaplains' Conference

The Sixth Annual Conference of The American Legion Department Chaplains took place at Nat'l Hq in Indianapolis, Ind., Nov. 14-15, 1956. The Nat'l Chaplain, Father Bernard W. Gerdon (Ind.), presided over the two-day sessions which took place following a one-day meeting of The American Legion Nat'l Religious Emphasis Committee.

The Chaplains' Conference reviewed the religious programs of The American Legion, and discussed ways and means of making these programs more effective and of carrying them out more efficiently and more extensively.

Speaking on the first day of the Conference, Nat'l Cmdr Dan Daniel pointed out the importance of religion to freedom. He said, "Totalitarianism has been able to take over, remodel or destroy everything but the church." He added that "We have abundant evidence of the connection between religion and vitality in the history of the American people. Many of our first settlers were religious migrants who came here because of the depth of their religious consciousness. Struggling against unbelievable hardships, they laid the foundations of an amazing civilization."

Cmdr Daniel cautioned that "If in our struggle with atheistic communism for the minds of men we depend wholly on politics, economics, science and warfare, and ignore the springs of life, we are doomed to ignominious defeat."

Nat'l Chaplain Gerdon stressed that: "The Back to God Program is not simply a Chaplains' program. It is a mandated integral part of our Americanism program and a must in our American Legion activities at all levels."

The National Chaplain reported to

National Legislative Commission
The American Legion
1608 K Street, N.W.
Washington 6, D. C.

Date.....

MAKE ORDER PAYABLE TO THE AMERICAN LEGION

Here is check (money order) for three dollars (\$3.00) for which enter subscription to the *National Legislative Bulletin* of The American Legion for 1957.

Name.....
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Subscriber is member of: ☐ Legion; ☐ Auxiliary

the Conference on the many activities currently being undertaken to forward the Legion's religious programs.

The report of the Religious Emphasis Committee, given by William J. Regan (N.Y.), emphasized the designation of the week of Feb. 3 as National Religious Emphasis Week, and urged that a standing religious emphasis committee be formed in all Dept's, Districts, Counties, and Posts.

The report also urged that workshops for Post Chaplains be conducted annually at District and Dept conferences of Commanders and Adjutants and that American Legion posters designed especially for children, and urging regular church attendance, be placed in schoolrooms and public places.

The report also urged that The American Legion designate the month of February every year for special emphasis as a Legion Go-to-church Month.

Posts, said the report, should take an active interest in the spiritual welfare of the boys in the Legion Boy Scout units. Legion-sponsored Scout troops and Explorer units should be informed of the religious awards in the Scouting program and recognition should be provided for those Scouts who achieve religious awards. The Committee also reaffirmed its position that a Chaplains' flag be designed for Legion use; urged Legion Chaplains to offer their services in speaking to the youth in the schools to prepare them for their induction into the Armed Forces, and reaffirmed its previous stand that only literature morally fit for public consumption be placed on the newsstands.

Other reports stressed:

(a) The need for continuing publicity for the Back to God Program.

(b) The selection of clergymen as Post Chaplains whenever possible.

(c) That Post Chaplains should report on religious emphasis activities to their Posts at least four times yearly.

(d) Further study of the pre-induction program for youths about to go into the armed services.

(e) Revision and reprinting of the Legion's Back to God Handbook.

The Conference also heard greetings from Father Lambert Studzinski (N. Dak.), Ammonier National of the 40&8, and from Mrs. R. T. Barrett (Ky.), Nat'l Chaplain of The American Legion Auxiliary.

The Conference received a message from F.B.I. Director J. Edgar Hoover, who saluted the Conference and wished it a most fruitful meeting.

The assembled Chaplains also sent a telegram to President Eisenhower, asking him to participate in the 1957 Back to God telecast, which this year will take

place on Feb. 3, the anniversary date of the sinking of the transport *Dorchester* in which the famous World War II Four Chaplains lost their lives.

THE LEGION ABROAD:

Okinawa

Among American Legion Posts all over the non-communist world, one is Okinawa Post 28, first organized at Camp Boone, Machinato, on the southwest coast of Okinawa, on November 7, 1946.

Machinato is memorable to GIs of the 102nd Engineer Combat Bn and the 106th Infantry as the scene of their night bridging and crossing of Machinato Inlet, April 18-19, 1945—a brilliant



Legion Post buys land where Ernie Pyle fell. Mayor of Ie Shima presented deed to half-acre memorial to Okinawa Post 28 on Oct. 31, following its purchase.

chapter in the history of deceptive tactics.

Founded at Machinato with 83 members, Okinawa Post celebrated its tenth birthday last Nov. 7 with 726 members.

In the intervening years it had acquired a permanent Post home farther north, at Futema, unreached objective of the Japanese counter-offensive of early May 1945.

And last Oct. 31—one week before its tenth birthday—Okinawa Post completed purchase of a half-acre memorial on Ie Shima—at the spot where Ernie Pyle fell. Okinawa Post maintains this site as a small, permanent park-like memorial to Pyle, "to commemorate for all time the story of the GIs' friend," says Post Adj't Patrick J. Quinlan of Salinas, Kans., civilian employee of the Ryukyus Command Engineers Service since 1947.

Okinawa Post has established a great record of good will, chiefly by interesting itself in the children and youth of

the Okinawans in addition to its interest in the children of Americans stationed there.

Three Cub packs and Boy Scout troops are sponsored by the Post, including both Americans and Ryukyans. This past year, outstanding Scouts were given a trip to Formosa.

Twenty Little League Baseball teams (10 American and 10 Ryukyuan) were completely equipped by the Legion in 1956. The Post has also sponsored spelling bees on the radio for American children, and contests for essays on Americanism at Kubasaki High School.

Ryukyuan orphans get special attention from Okinawa Post. At Christmas in 1955 gifts were distributed in remote villages by a helicopter-borne Legion Santa. Assistance is regularly given by the Post to orphanages, missions and needy individuals. Hundreds of orphans were treated to a rodeo last September, complete with pop and hot dogs. Rodeo proceeds helped buy a boat for a medical missionary for travel among the Ryukyu Islands.

Total youth activities in 1956 by the Post cost more than \$4,000.

Two years ago the Post set up a rotating student loan fund for the Ryukyus University, to be loaned to worthy students as needed.

The Post also awards an annual trophy to the outstanding athlete of each of the service branches on Okinawa.

The Legion Post home at Futema, now well established, provides a needed meeting place for Americans on Okinawa, with a library, lounges, and both scheduled and specially arranged dances and parties.

Organized as an outlying Post, Okinawa Post was attached to the American Legion Department of Hawaii by action of the Nat'l Executive Committee in 1947.

BRIEFLY NOTED:

► The handsome four-color illuminated reproduction of "The Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag of the United States" which appeared in the September issue of *The American Legion Magazine* drew many requests for reprints which could not be filled. The J. R. Rosen Studio, which prepared the original art work, has reprinted the Pledge in full color on heavy coated stock. These reprints are suitable for framing and are available for 50¢ each from J. R. Rosen Studio, 80 Boylston Street, Boston 16, Mass.

► The 1957 edition of the American Legion *Junior Baseball Handbook* and the *Department Officials' Guide* are off the press and will soon be shipped to

Departments. Both books are 64 pages in length and are jam-packed with pertinent information for Legion baseball officials.

► The 10th District of New York — comprising Queens, Nassau, and Suffolk counties — held a Back to God rally in New York in early Nov. The program dramatized moral and spiritual values in the public schools and the Back to God movement. Tenth District Commander Daniel J. O'Connor followed up a proclamation by the Mayor of the City of New York which urged all parents "to take effective measures to insure the success" of Religious Education Month, by sending a letter to all Post Commanders in the District calling upon them to cooperate in the program. More than 10,000 youngsters and Legionnaires received a newsletter outlining the religious education program for children. Spearheading the program is Frank Scalise, Queens County Back to God chairman for The American Legion. Under Scalise's chairmanship Queens County American Legion organization has been working to increase the registration of youth for religious education through released time.

► Dep't of North Dakota, perennially among the top Departments in Legion membership percentage-wise, won the Gen. Henri Gouraud Trophy awarded annually to the first Dep't to reach the membership quota assigned by Nat'l Hq. On Nov. 21 North Dakota reported a membership of 18,693, thereby exceeding the Dep't quota of 18,550 and rolling up a 100.77 percentage.

► A Veterans Administration procedure long advocated by American Legion service officers now appears to be realized. VA notified Legion Nat'l Rehabilitation Director T. O. Kraabel that decentralization of VA employees' claims to regional offices began on Oct. 25. First three regional offices to receive the claims folders were in New England; at time of announcement it was thought entire operation would be completed by Dec. 25.

► The American Legion Dep't of Indiana won the Golden Anniversary Award of the Boys' Clubs of America for its assistance in extending the Boys' Club movement.

► Nat'l Cmdr Dan Daniel presented an American Legion Child Welfare Foundation check for \$10,000 to the American Social Hygiene Ass'n to assist in a nationwide study of venereal disease among teen-agers. Check brought Child Welfare Foundation grants to more than \$50,000 by mid-Nov.

► Members of The American Legion interested in the role played by the airplane in the Nation's defense will find interesting viewing in a new television series entitled *Air Power* which began on the CBS Television Network on November 11. It is scheduled to run for 26 weeks. *Air Power* is not only the story of the airplane as a weapon; it is the story of flight and 20th century man which presents a vivid history of the air age.

► A program to counteract communist propaganda by spreading the truth about America around the world by means of used magazines has been endorsed by The American Legion. The program, called "Magazines for Friendship," has as its aim the sending of better magazines portraying the United States as it really is to foreign countries. The program was started by Professor Albert Croissant, of Occidental College, Los Angeles Calif., who says, "We waste millions of copies of these dynamic messengers of understanding and good will each week. We have failed to realize that each magazine may be more valuable abroad than a bomb or a gun." Post 13, Pasadena, Calif., has sent thousands of boxes of magazines overseas during the past three years. Other Posts interested in the program are urged to contact their Department Adjutants.

► American Legion National Champion Drum and Bugle Corps, the "Skokie Indians," of Post 320, Skokie, Ill., presented the halftime show at the football game between the Chicago Bears and the Green Bay Packers on Veterans Day, Nov. 11. Show was televised nationally from Chicago.

► The next time somebody asks you "What does the Legion ever do?" you might find it helpful to remind him of just a little of the work done by American Legion Service Officers. The average member of The American Legion takes it for granted that the Rehabilitation Service Officers will successfully assist veterans — whether Legionnaires or not — and their families in securing approval of claims for vets benefits. This is true, and it is done without cost to the claimants. But recently the monetary worth of such service was brought to light when one particular claimant employed a lawyer for such services. In this case — which was recently decided and which could have been handled by The American Legion without cost to the claimant — the cost to the claimant was a \$2,500 fee. And now The American Legion will secure the additional benefits which the lawyer — not being a Service Officer — did not know about or did not obtain for the claimant. That's

one example of what the Legion does.

► The Federal Civil Defense Administration Staff College and Rescue Instructor School have announced schedules of courses to be offered through June 1957. Administration courses will be offered at Olney, Md., Feb. 4-8 and at Battle Creek, Mich., April 1-5. Light Duty Rescue Instructor courses at Olney through next June are slated for: Jan. 14-18, Feb. 4-8, Feb. 25-Mar. 1, Mar. 18-22, Apr. 22-26, May 13-17 and June 3-7. A Heavy Duty Rescue Instructor course at Olney is offered to graduates of the Light Duty Rescue Course; and the Advanced Rescue Instructor Course, Apr. 8-12, is open to graduates of both the Light and Heavy Duty Rescue courses. Courses are offered free of cost on a first-come, first-served basis, and only a nominal living cost charge is made during the student's stay at Battle Creek or Olney. For particulars and application forms contact: Federal Civil Defense Staff College, Battle Creek, Mich.; Federal Civil Defense Rescue Instructor School, Olney, Md.; or the Nat'l Security Div., The American Legion, P. O. Box 1055, Indianapolis 6, Ind.

► West Virginia Dep't Cmdr Ed Hardman has presented an American Legion Award for the Employment of Physically Handicapped Persons to the Brown Chevrolet Co., of Montgomery, W. Va. Of 19 males employed by firm, 13 are vets, of whom seven are disabled. All six nonvets are disabled. Post 58, Montgomery, recommended the firm for the award.

► Massachusetts is the latest Department to hold a Legion College. The three-day session — Nov. 16-18 — at Fort Devens drew a large and interested audience of Dep't, County, District, and Post officers who heard 32 specialists speak on all phases of Legion programs. Students at the college were billeted in army barracks and fed at the officers club.

► Highlights of the official visit by Nat'l Cmdr Dan Daniel to Dep't of New Hampshire on Nov. 17 came during a dinner in his honor at Post 2, Manchester, N.H. Members of the Auxiliary led the more than 250 guests in singing *Carry Me Back to Old Virginia* in recognition of the Commander's home State. He was presented with a key to the City of Manchester and made an honorary citizen of New Hampshire. The American Legion, Auxiliary, 40&8, and 8&40 joined in welcoming the Commander.

► 1956 winners of the nat'l American
(Continued on next page)

BRIEFLY NOTED

(Continued)

Legion Department History contest are:

Type I (covering entire history of Dep't): 1st, Dep't of Tennessee, Fred D. Estes, author; 2nd, Dep't of Arkansas, Ray Henry, author.

Type II (supplement to previous history, covering at least 10 years): winner, Dep't of North Carolina, A. L. Fletcher, author.

Dep't history contests are held once every four years. Post history contests are held in all other years.

Rules for the nat'l Post History Contest for 1957 may be obtained by writing: Nat'l Historian, American Legion Nat'l Hq., P.O. Box 1055, Indianapolis 6, Ind.

► Cooperation in the March of Dimes and in public education on Salk vaccine has earned The American Legion the Distinguished Leadership Award of the Nat'l Foundation for Infantile Paralysis.

► A thorough and fascinating report called *A Study of Adolescent Boys*, made at the University of Michigan for the Boy Scouts of America two years ago, is now available in multilith form from the Boy Scouts of America at \$2.00 a copy. Of unquestioned value to all adults who work with boys, the 186-page report may be ordered from: National Supply Service Division, Boy Scouts of America, New Brunswick, N. J.

► An association of Past District Commanders has been organized in the Dep't of Pennsylvania.

A major objective of the ass'n is to disseminate current information on affairs on the Dep't level to Past District Cmdrs, and thus help preserve their special value in "blue cap" status which began with their former experience in District offices.

The ass'n had 217 members at last count.

Persons in other Dep'ts who may be interested in such an organization are invited to write for details of the Pennsylvania ass'n to: Elmer R. Leddon, 2017 Corinthian Ave., Abington, Pa.

► Bill McCauley, a pioneer Legion Rehabilitation leader and twice Illinois Dep't Cmdr, had his service honored by a special citation of the Egyptian Past Commanders Club at Herrin, Ill., recently.

IN THE DEP'TS:

New Tar Heel Hq

The American Legion Dep't of North Carolina dedicated a brandnew Dep't

Hq building in Raleigh on Dec. 1.

Nat'l Cmdr Dan Daniel, Dep't Cmdr Tim T. Craig, Dep't Adj't Nash D. McKee, and many outstanding North Carolinian citizens and statesmen headed up the dedication ceremonies.

North Carolina's new State Legion building is the first Hq the Dep't has owned outright, and is the culmination of plans that began with a decision to buy the lot in 1952.

Ground for the building was broken in ceremonies on Sept. 25, 1955, with the first shovelful of dirt turned over by Legionnaire Governor Luther H. Hodges and then Dep't Cmdr Paul H. Robertson, of Chapel Hill, N. C.

New building, an air-conditioned, two-story, trim-lined brick structure is at New Bern Ave. and Blount St., in Raleigh, one block east of the North Carolina State capitol.

Tar Heel Legionnaires authorized a fifty-cent dues increase to pay off the financing of the new Hq. Building committee was headed by G. E. Bobbitt, of Raleigh Post 1.

JUNIOR BASEBALL:

They Meet Again

A reunion of the Nat'l Champion American Legion Junior Baseball Team of 1932 was held in conjunction with a Nat'l Veterans Day observance in New Orleans on Nov. 11. Every member of the team but one was present, the missing member being in New York. Most of them served in WWII and are now Legionnaires themselves. Also present were Nick Lamantia, the coach; Charles C. Zatarain, Jr., the mascot, and Past Nat'l Cmdr James F. O'Neil, who handled details of the 1932 Little World



MEMBERSHIP CARDS for 1957 go to three generations of Legionnaires of Harvey Seeds Post 29, Miami, Fla. At left is Robert L. Stephens, 86, a WWI vet who is grandfather of Korea vet Jack Barker, 26, right. Seated is Jack's father, and Stephen's son-in-law, Edwin Barker, 66, a WWI vet.

Series, held in his hometown of Manchester, N. H.

The winning team represented Alvin Callender Post 132, in New Orleans, now Callender-Fleming Post 23.

RECENT POST DOINGS:

☐ RAY JOHNSON POST 44, of Redmond, Oreg., recently dedicated a new Post home, which also serves as a community meeting place.

Feature of the bright, new home is a huge mural, depicting war scenes of different branches of the U.S. Armed Forces.

Huge mural was painted by Post members Robert and Cecil Tull.

☐ ONE OF THE newest members of The American Legion is John Roosevelt, son of the late President Franklin D. Roosevelt, who has joined Theodore Roosevelt Jr. Post 1755 in New York City.

☐ AS PART OF its observance of National Education Week, Post 36, Kernersville, N.C., presented a Certificate of Appreciation to C.V. Sigmon, principal of the Kernersville School. A Veterans Day program was presented at a special convocation when the award was made.

☐ POST 20, Belle Glade, Fla., provides housing for the U.S. Post Office in that community. Post borrowed funds to erect building, rental on which now pays carrying charges on the loan.

☐ POST 43, Homestead, Fla., has donated the use of its Post home to the USO canteen.

☐ THE CEREMONIES at the recent dedication of the new \$130,000 home of Post 55, Bonners Ferry, Idaho, were given an international flavor by the participation of a color guard from Creston, British Columbia. Post 55 had completely paid for its home before occupying it.

☐ POST 298, Marion, Iowa, claims that its Post flag has been carried in every American Legion National Convention Parade since 1921. Post challenges any other Post, particularly those its size—440 members—to match this record. If your Post can equal or top this record, write to Wilbur C. Young, 1285 Lincoln Drive, Marion, Iowa.

☐ POST 1169, New York, N.Y., presented The American Legion Distinguished Achievement Award to *Collier's* magazine in recognition of its American Tradition Series, "a series providing inspiration to present-day America, by the dramatic recital of significant and stirring events of the past."

☐ APPROXIMATELY 1,000 persons took part in the mortgage-burning ceremonies of Post 150, Harlan, Iowa. Mortgage on Post home was paid off two years ahead of time. Building cost \$23,000 in actual cash and approximately a like amount in donated labor and materials. Local Army Reserve unit is quar-

tered in the building, which is also used — free of charge — frequently by the Omaha, Nebr., Red Cross Bloodmobile Unit.

☐ WHEN POST 128, Niantic, Conn., initiated 33 new members (among them: two WAC vets) in early November, the Post membership numbered 116. This figure is an alltime high for Post 128 and is 23 in excess of the 1957 quota.

☐ TWO MEMBERS of Post 53, Farmington, Conn., — Albert T. Leone and Adj't Edward T. Durant—have been awarded the Carnegie Hero Medal and Award for rescuing — at peril of their own lives — a mother and her four children from drowning during the floods of August 1955.

☐ POST 430, Springfield, Mass., was awarded a Red Cross flag for having obtained participation of 20 percent of its members in the blood donor program. Post has also donated 88 pints of blood at the Holyoke Soldiers Home within the past two years. Because of Post's participation in the Red Cross program, all Post members and their families may readily obtain blood when they need it.

☐ EVERY CHURCH in Maplewood and South Orange, N.J., reminded voters to go to the polls on Election Day, by ringing all the church bells in both neighboring cities at four different times on that day. Churches joined in idea at suggestion of Arthur Deas, Jr., Commander of Post 80, Maplewood.

☐ POST 26, Amistown, Ala., noted the death of a Post life member, Maj. Gen. Robert E. Noble, with a memorial resolution on Oct. 18, that noted not only Gen. Noble's pioneer work in sanitation during the building of the Panama Canal, but his leadership in Boy Scout work in Alabama following his Army retirement.

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS:

QUIGG NEWTON, member of Post 1, Denver, Colo., elected President of University of Colorado.

ROBERT E. WARD, Vice Chairman of the Illinois Department Americanism Commission, elected President of the Nat'l League of Postmasters of the U.S.

FREDERICK P. O'CONNELL, Past Dep't Cmdr of Maine (1950-51), resigned as State Director of Vets Affairs to become Executive Director of the Maine Heart Ass'n.

DR. GEORGE SCHWARTZ, member of The American Legion Rehabilitation Advisory Committee, elected President of the Bronx (N.Y.) County Medical Society.

Died:

CHARLES J. MC CARTY, American Legion Nat'l Rehabilitation Representative; suddenly, in Boston, Mass.

COL. CARL LIDNER RISTINE, a Founder of The American Legion; in Lexington, Mo. He attended the Paris Caucus.

BRIG. GEN. DANIEL S. DEXTER (Ret.) longtime editor of the *Maine Legionnaire*, and a founder of The American Legion in Maine; in Lewiston.

ROBERT DILLARD, former Service Officer for Dep't of Oregon and former American Legion Nat'l Field Representative; in Portland, Oreg.

DR. CLAUDE A. MARTIN, Past Dep't Vice Cmdr of Louisiana (1928-29) and a founder of The American Legion in Louisiana.

EDWARD R. (MICKY) MOYLAN, Dept. Judge Advocate of Colorado; in Denver.

COMRADES IN DISTRESS

Space does not permit notices to contact persons for any purpose except to assist in establishing a claim for a veteran or his dependents. Statement to that effect should accompany notice.

Send notices to: *Comrades in Distress*, *The American Legion Magazine*, 720 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, New York.

Army

2nd Armored Div, 2nd Maint Bn—My eyes were injured during Louisiana Maneuvers in 1941. Need to hear from anyone who served with me, particularly the 1st Sgt, Capt Lum (medical officer); and Sgt Welch. Write me, John F. Santos, 378 Allen St., New Bedford, Mass. Claim pending.

5th Regimental Combat Team, 3rd Bn, Motor Pool—Need to hear from anyone who served with me in Korea during the period July 1953-Feb. 1954, especially from those who recall that I was hospitalized in Sept. and Oct. 1953. Write me, Otto K. Griffin, Strawn, Kans. Claim pending.

20th Engrs, 37th Co (WW1)—My father, Pfc Vincent H. Verlod, was hospitalized at Nevers, France. Need to hear from anyone who remembers him, especially from Cpl William Bundy, Charles Chopsey, Henry N. Cope, William O. Oake, Evan W. Kelley, and J. G. Dunbar. Write me, Adolph S. Verlod, P.O. Box 1116, Grass Valley, Calif. Claim pending.

31st Div, 114th FA Bn, Btry A—Need help on claim from anyone who recalls my jumping off a moving, burning mess truck outside Camp Shelby, Miss., in Feb. 1943. Write me, Boh Homer, Cherry Tree, Pa.

41st Engrs, Co E—About June 1944 I was treated by Capt Spierberg (regimental doctor) outside the hospital. Now need to locate him and anyone who remembers me, especially Capt Claudie (company commander), Lt Shere, Lt Sweet, Maj Beckham. Write me, Colvin Mitchell, General Delivery, Rockford, Ala. Claim pending.

69th Gen Hosp Detachment, Lido, India—Need help on claim from those who remember that I had peptic ulcers while with this outfit between June 1943 and Aug. 1945. At various times I was confined to my tent instead of the hospital proper because of lack of hospital beds. Especially recall: T/Sgt Leonard Wiebe (San Francisco), Cpl Timothy H. Roche (Oak Park, Ill.), Cpl Charles T. Vick (Fort Wayne, Ind.), Paul Cunningham (Attleboro, Mass.), Sgt Willis McAfee (St. Paul, Minn.), James Miller (N. Wilkesboro, N. C.), Richard Kimball (Salt Lake City), Sgt Albert Kazmier-ski (Milwaukee). Write me, (former Pfc) Henry (Boh) Rohertson, Box 262, Morgan, Utah.

71st Div, 5th Inf, Co C—In late 1944 my back was injured in Frankfurt, Germany. Need to hear from anyone who remembers, especially from S/Sgt Leo G. McMahon, T/Sgt Stephen M. Hudacik, Stratuf, Malovic. Write me, Rayfield R. Hraban, 502 S. First St., Seward, Nebr. Claim pending.

104th Gen Hosp, Bournemouth, England—I was known as "The Sheriff." Now need to locate medical officers Capt Lutz and Capt Hoffman. Write me, L. Max Hargrove, 4112 Knights Ave., Tampa, Fla. Claim pending.

118th Inf—I served with this outfit from Jan. 1942 till early 1945 at Fort Jackson, S. C.; Buderaryi, Iceland; England; N. Ireland; France; Germany. Calf of my left leg was injured when I fell through ice in the road while on hike in Buderaryi, Iceland; was picked up by a jeep at the east jetty and taken to the company area where 1st Sgt Worthington sent me to the dispensary by jeep. In early 1945 I was

(Continued on next page)

MEN PAST 40

Afflicted With Getting Up Nights, Pains in Back, Hips, Legs, Nervousness, Tiredness.

If you are a victim of the above symptoms, the trouble may be due to Glandular Dysfunction. A constitutional Disease for which it is futile for sufferers to try to treat themselves at home. Medicines that give temporary relief will not remove the cause of your trouble.

To men of middle age or past this type of dysfunction occurs frequently. It is accompanied by loss of physical vigor, graying of hair, forgetfulness and often increase in weight. Neglect of such dysfunction causes men to grow old before their time—premature senility and possibly incurable conditions.

Most men, if treatment is taken before malignancy has developed, can be successfully NON-SURGICALLY treated for Glandular Dysfunction. If the condition is aggravated by lack of treatment, surgery may be the only chance.

NON-SURGICAL TREATMENTS

The NON-SURGICAL treatments afforded at the Excelsior Institute are the result of 20 years research by scientific Technologists and Competent Doctors.

The War brought many new techniques and drugs. These added to the research already accomplished has produced a new type of treatment that is proving of great benefit to man as he advances in years.

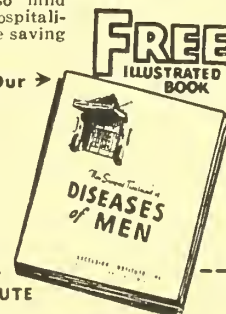
The Excelsior Institute is devoted particularly to the treatment of diseases of men of advancing years. Men from all walks of life and from over 3,000 cities and towns have been successfully treated. They found soothing and comforting relief and new health in life.

LOW COST EXAMINATION

On your arrival here our Doctors make a complete examination. You then decide if you will take the treatments needed. They are so mild they do not require hospitalization. A considerable saving in expense.

Write Today for Our

The Excelsior Institute has published a New FREE Book that deals with diseases peculiar to men. It could prove of utmost importance to you. There is no obligation. Address



EXCELSIOR INSTITUTE
Dept. 83565

Excelsior Springs, Mo.
Gentlemen. Kindly send at once your New

FREE BOOK. I am _____ years old

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

TOWN _____

STATE _____

COMRADES IN DISTRESS

(Continued)

transferred to Hq Co, 422nd Inf, 106th Div; was in charge of Officers Mess, 1st Bn, 422nd Inf, at Noindorf, Germany. Was discharged at Fort Dix, N. J., Oct. 6, 1945. Need to hear from anyone who remembers me, especially from the following sets of the 118th Inf: Weatherford, Bowen, Morris, Gorse, Griner. Write me, **George (Greek) Haramis**, 10 Henry St., Mohawk, N. Y. Claim pending.

166th AAA Gun Bn, Btry B (1944-45)—I had stomach trouble in the Philippines; I was known as "Pop." Now need to hear from anyone who served with me, especially from **Pic Leon Cole** and **Sgt Jack Cross**. Write me, **Ulysses W. Hall**, Route 3, Henagar, Ala. Claim pending.

328th Inf, Hq Co—Need to hear from anyone who was with my late husband, **Victor W. Jacquot**, during the Battle of the Bulge in Dec. 1944 and who remembers that he received shrapnel wounds. Write me, **Mrs V. W. Jacquot**, 1419 S. Cottonwood, Casper, Wyo. Claim pending.

351st Harbor Craft—Need to hear from anyone who worked on the tugboats at Southampton and Le Havre 1942-44, especially members of Tug No. 49 and Tug "Umbrigo" (or "Umbrigo"). I was known as "Pop." Write me, **Frank H. Blanchard**, 32 Appleton St., Boston 16, Mass. Claim pending.

453rd AAA Bn, Btry B—In Germany early Dec. 1944, I suffered a hernia when I slipped while going into a foxhole. Need to hear from anyone who served with me, especially **Delbert Wright** (medic), **Gordon Rish**, **Bob Obradovich**. Write me **Eldor Bostelman**, 845 Daggett Ave., Napoleon, Ohio. Claim pending.

537th FA Bn, Btry A—I served with this outfit at Camp Carson, Colo., from early June 1950 until Feb. 9, 1951. On the last day of basic training, Oct. 2, 1950, some old gunpowder that a gunner and I had been detailed to burn blew up in my face. Now need to locate anyone who remembers me, especially **Pvt Billy Baker**, of West Haven, Conn. I was sometimes called "Red." Write me, (former **Pvt**) **Elvin Russell**, Box 514, State Normal and Industrial College, Ellendale, N. Dak. Claim pending.

716th Tank Bn—Need help on claim from anyone who served with me on Panay, Philippines, especially from: **Richard C. Lynch**, **John W. Griffin**, **Zeno Hemphill**, **Iloff Waller**. Write me, **George Donald Green**, C-4, Room 462, Vets Hospital, Ann Arbor, Mich.

720th MP Bn—In late 1945 and early 1946 Dr. Ervin M. Richman treated my serious eye condition. Now need to contact him and any others who recall that I had eye trouble. Write me, (former **Sgt**) **Lloyd Linzle Riddle**, Edmonton, Ky. Claim pending.

Camp Crowder, Mo., 804th S.T.R., Co B (Mar.-Aug. 1943)—About May 1943 I hurt my left ankle while playing softball; I limped badly for 70 days thereafter. Need to locate anyone who remembers me especially: **Billy Lavender**; **Claude Ezell**; **Tucker and Rogers** (both of Ala.); **1st Sgt Anthony Ugolick** and **Lt Wilber Vaghts** (both of N. Y. State); **Lts Ryan and Nesselts**; **Auston Ikerd**; **Jefferson H. Jordan**; **Nobel Weaver**; **Earl and Shirley Evans** (of La.); **Harold J. Conley** (Boston) and **Merrill C. Logue** (both from an AAA outfit); **Robert Klasey** (Pontiac, Mich.); **Jurkowski and Le-hocky** (Wis.); **Barracks Leader Jackson** (Va.); **Dwire** (Chicago); **Joe Ventura** (W. Va.); **James Barbagallo** (Rockford, Ill.); **Flint** (Columbus, Miss.); **Bill Lochoby** (Harlan County, Ky.); **Al Bakunas** (Linden, N. J.); **Red Stevens** (Columbus, Ohio); **Johnny Micarbo** (Beaumont, Tex.); **Horvath**. I was hobbling when many of these men arrived and when they left; I later went overseas. Write me, **John J. Tuminiello**, 1541 Division Ave., Shreveport, La. Claim pending.

Camp Forrest, Ga., 5th Casual Co, Engrs (Sept. 27-Oct. 16, 1918)—This company, which I commanded, suffered many losses during the flu epidemic which swept Camp Forrest in Oct., Nov., and Dec. 1918. On Oct. 16, 1918, the 10th Casual Co, Engrs, was formed of approximately 300 flu patients from the 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th Casual Companies who reported to the 10th as they were discharged from the hospital at Fort Oglethorpe, Ga. Need to hear from anyone who remembers me, especially from **2nd Lt Millard S. Binney** (5th Casual Co) and **2nd Lt Richard L. Martin** (10th Casual Co). Write me, **Hugh D. Dollins**, 417 E. Broad St., Falls Church, Va. Claim pending.

Camp Meade, Md., Inf, 154th D.B., 3rd Bn, 12th Co—In 1918 my spine was injured when I fell from a wagon while loading hay. Need to locate any of the following: **Sgt Guy Twigg** (of Cumberland, Md.; he saw me fall); **Sgt Paul Eastborn** (Reading, Pa.; knew of the fall); **Capt Charles McCormack** (Austin, Tex.); **Sgt Thomas Mooney** (Allentown, Pa.); **John McGuire** (Pittsfield, Mass.); **Leo Bomreberger** (Market St., Wheeling, W. Va.). Write me, **James W. Lynch**, 2610 Detroit Ave., Cleveland 13, Ohio. Claim pending.

Fort McClellan, Ala., IRTC, 6th Regt, 29th Bn, Co C—In 1944 I took basic training with this outfit. Need help on claim from anyone who remembers me, especially: **Regan**, **Ray**, **Rector**, **Stainsiffer** (or **Stansiffer**), **Sisken**, **Spencer**, **Teague**, **Charles A. Varner**, **Winchester**, **Willes**, **Walters**, and **Williams**, all from Tenn.; **Satterwhite**, **Sherley**, **Thorne**, **Watson**, and **Stanberry**, all from Tex.; **Sisk** (Okla.); **Ready** (Mich.). Write me, **Irvin M. Shelton**, Route 1, Bumpus Mills, Tenn.

Navy

553rd CBMU—I served with this outfit in the Ellice and Green Islands in 1944-45. Need to hear from anyone who served with me; especially recall **Robert F. Stien** (Philadelphia, Pa.), **Garth D. Arnold** (Manchester, Iowa), **W. H. Metcalf** (our ambulance driver; **Moreis**, Mich.), **Clyde Corning** (Oldtown, Maine), **Robert R. Farmer** (Burbank, Calif.), **Charles R. Honaker** (Connersville, Ind.), **Charles L. Ross** (Salem, Mass.), **V. A. Brosseau** (Portland, Oreg.). Write me, **Guy E. Chilson**, 3008 Longfellow Ave., Minneapolis 7, Minn. Claim pending.

LCI 1089—I was treated for an ear condition while serving aboard the LCI 1089 in 1945-46. Need help on claim from anyone who remembers me. Write me, **William O'Toole**, 75 Baldwin St. Pawtucket, R. I.

San Diego, Calif., USMC Boot Camp—About Feb. 1944 my right wrist was injured when I fell on an obstacle course. Need to hear from anyone who remembers me. Write me, **Louis F. Vickers**, 214 Spring St., Newport, R. I. Claim pending.

Portland, Maine, Naval Section Base—One night in the summer of 1944 my back was injured while I was on a detail unloading three trucks under **Lt. Lederman**, **Comdr Daniels** was the doctor who had me treated. Need to hear from anyone who remembers the incident. Also need to hear from another doctor stationed there in 1944-45 who treated me for sinus trouble. I may be remembered as a brig master at arms in 1944-45. Also need to locate anyone who remembers me from **Staten Island, N. Y., Pier 6**, in 1943, especially **S. Ic Johnson** (an ex-milkman from N. Y. City) who worked with me in the galley. Write me, (former **S. Ic**) **James C. Reeves**, 1010 Poin-dexter Ave., Owensboro, Ky. Claim pending.

USS Fort Wayne—Need to contact anyone who served aboard this ship or any civilian who was working to complete the ship prior to her maiden voyage in Jan. 1919. The ship was built at Sparrows Point, Md. Especially recall **Lt Robinson**; **Ensigns Curry and Conklin**; and the paymaster, **Ensign Demilia** (who I think accompanied me to a civilian doctor in Italy so that I could get the bandages on my back

changed; am not certain that DeMilia is correct spelling). Write me, **Robert C. Hart**, 800 Tuckahoe Road, Tuckahoe, N. Y. Claim pending.

USS Zianah—I suffered a head and back injury in an accident during the period July-Dec. 1945. Need to contact anyone who remembers me; particularly recall **Lynn Gaillespie**, **Clyde Francisco**, **J. N. Hyde**, **Robert Lee Hughes**, **Richard J. Oconor**, **Billy Walker**, **Robert Nichols**. Write me, **Richard Thomas Harris**, 28 Dortch St., Clarksville, Tenn. Claim pending.

Air

346th Bomb Group, 461st Sqdn—Need to locate **Cpl Manuel Leon Eros** to prove that I received medical attention in service. He was in Calif. (probably Los Angeles) in 1946. Write me, **Ernest N. Miller**, R.D. 2, Forestburg, Tex. Claim pending.

383rd Air Service Group, 607th Air Materiel Sqdn—I was injured in a truck accident. Now need to hear from anyone who was stationed with this outfit at Krapuir, India, in the summer of 1945, particularly **Raymond Pickett** and **Norman Hadley**. Write me, **Howard P. Hocks**, 444 S. Wayne St., Milledgeville, Ga. Claim pending.

B.A.D. #2, Wharton, England—Need to contact personnel of Flying Control—**Thomas Wilkens** (Ind.), **Joe Valesavich** (Pa.), "Duck" **Bassett** (Toledo, Ohio), **Abe Lando**; **Maj Smith** of the Crash Ward; and anyone else who remembers foot ailment of **Cpl LaVern Zimmer** in 1943. Write **Keith Bryan**, **Vets Service Officer**, Columbus, Nebr. Claim pending.

Sheppard Field, Tex., Air Technical School, 316th Sqdn, Barracks 784—On or about Dec. 28, 1942, the middle of my back was injured when I fell while attempting to swing across an open pit on the obstacle course; I needed the help of several men to get out of the pit. Need to contact **Platoon Sgt Jimmy Barr**, of Chicago, and anyone else who remembers me. Write me, **Ralph O. Wells**, Grundy Center, Iowa. Claim pending.

OUTFIT REUNIONS

Send notices to: Outfit Reunions, *The American Legion Magazine*, 720 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, New York.

Reunion will be held in month indicated. For particulars, write person whose address is given.

Army

17th Airborne Div—(Aug.) **W. A. Roncone**, 802 Hiland Ave., Coraopolis, Pa.

94th Div—(July) **A. E. Rodriguez**, 614 Oakdale Ave., Chicago 14, Ill.

99th Div—(July) **Dale Warren**, Box 164, R.D. 7, Pasadena, Md.

106th Inf, 1st Bn (WW2)—(Feb.) **Arthur "Bud" Coakley**, 250 Rose Ave., Woodcliff Lake, N. J.

125th FA Bn—(Feb.) **Gordon F. Brooks**, 104 Providence Bldg., Duluth, Minn.

211th CA(AA)—(Feb.) **211th CA(AA) Vets Assn.**, P.O. Box 593, Boston 2, Mass.

302nd Engrs—(Feb.) **Louis F. Merlin, Sr.**, 28 E. 39th St., New York 16, N. Y.

302nd Inf, Machine Gun Co. (WW1)—(May) **James W. McLoughlin**, 100 South Bend St., Pawtucket, R. I.

314th Ammunition Train, Co C—(June) **Ray L. Spath**, Scribner, Nebr.

340th FA, Btry A (WW1)—(Aug.) **Edward A. Akers**, Box 53, R.D. 1, Yreka, Calif.

441st AAA(Sep) Bn—(Feb.) **Sfc. Eugene R. Edwards**, Hq. Co., 1st Tng. Regt., Fort Dix, N. J.

713th Ry Operating Bn—(Aug.) **Leonard N. Adams**, 3826 Torrance Dr., Toledo 12, Ohio.

759th Tank Bn—(July) **Irving L. Milgrom**, 458 Hazel Ave., Millbrae, Calif.

WAC Vets Assn—(Aug.) **Mrs. Wilma S. Vogel**, 12322 Viewcrest Road, Studio City, Calif.

Navy

8th Beach Bn—(May) **Clifford L. Legerton**, 263 King St., Charleston, S. C.

59th Seabees—(Aug.-Sept.) **O. W. Nichols**, Long Beach, St. Leonard, Md.

Air

8th Service Group—(Jan.) **Theodore Kaplan**, 2031 W. Fourth St., Brooklyn 23, N. Y.

388th Bomb Group—(July) **E. J. Huntzinger**, 863 Maple St., Perrysburg, Ohio.

836th Engr Avn Bn, H&S Co—(Aug.) **James Lewis**, 4932 Celadon Ave., Hamilton, Ohio.

1905th Engr Avn Bn—(Aug.) **Norman M. Cross**, 235 S. Washington St., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Pyote Army Air Field, Tex. (All WW2 personnel)—(June) **Dr. William S. McMurtry**, P.O. Box 208, Okmulgee, Okla.

THE AMERICAN LEGION
NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS

OCTOBER 31, 1956

ASSETS

Cash on hand and on deposit.....	\$ 486,151.73
Receivables	389,882.79
Inventories	519,255.35
Invested Funds	660,646.60
Trust Funds:	
Overseas Graves Decoration	
Trust Fund	\$ 257,512.09
Employees Retirement	
Trust Fund	2,092,777.87
Real Estate	978,243.65
Furniture and Fixtures,	
less Depreciation	212,620.58
Deferred Charges	159,181.36
	<u>\$5,756,272.02</u>

LIABILITIES, DEFERRED REVENUE
AND NET WORTH

Current Liabilities	\$ 391,235.88
Funds restricted as to use	55,876.40
Deferred Income	1,347,395.28
Trust Funds:	
Overseas Graves Decoration	
Trust Fund	\$ 257,512.09
Employees Retirement	
Trust Fund	2,092,777.87
Net Worth:	
Reserve Fund	\$ 23,852.30
Restricted Fund	19,036.80
Real Estate	978,243.65
Reserve for Washington	
Building	18,529.37
Reserve for Reha-	
bilitation	371,821.61
Reserve for Child	
Welfare	8,143.17
	<u>\$1,419,626.90</u>
Unrestricted	
Capital	191,847.60
	<u>\$5,756,272.02</u>

Products Parade

A sampling of items which are in process of development or are coming on the market. Mention of products in no way constitutes an endorsement of them, since in most cases they are described as represented by manufacturers.



What is it? Help Flag.
What does it do? Serves as distress signal for disabled automobiles. Letters glow at night.
How much? \$2.95 postpaid.
Where available: Westwin Co., 170 Highland Ave., Kearney, N. J.



What is it? Barbecue Grill Cleaning Brush.
What does it do? Cleans barbecue grills by a combination wire bristle brush and steel scraper set in Bakelite handle.
How much? \$1.69.
Where available: Empire Brushes, Inc., Port Chester, N. Y., and department and hardware stores.



What is it? Pool-A-Larm.
What does it do? Rings out if someone falls into or makes unauthorized use of a swimming pool. Electronic unit responds to sub-surface agitation caused by body entering water.
How much? \$59.95.
Where available: Automation-Engineering Corp., 723 Sonora Ave., Glendale 1, Calif.



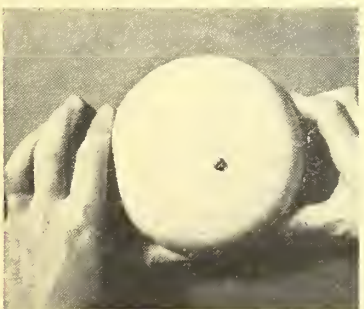
What is it? Cigarette Case and Snuffer.
What does it do? Built-in ash tray prevents fires.
How much? \$1.00 postpaid.
Where available: McGraw Specialty Co., 1308 E. Gadsden St., Pensacola, Fla.



What is it? Rollectric Electric Shaver.
What does it do? With exclusive serrated rollers it depresses the skin surrounding the whiskers and clips the hairs below the ordinary shaving level.
How much? \$31.50.
Where available: Remington Rand Electric Shaver Division of Sperry Rand Corp.



What is it? Ziploc Wrist Watch Strap.
What does it do? By means of a zipper it expands to fit over any size hand.
How much? \$2.00 postpaid.
Where available: The Ziploc Co., 880 Bergen Ave., Jersey City 6, N. J.



What is it? Big Alert Fire Alarm.
What does it do? Rings alarm if fire causes rise in temperature. Self-contained and automatic, has no wires or batteries.
How much? \$7.95 postpaid.
Where available: Big Alert, Inc., 8330 W. 3rd St., Los Angeles 48, Calif.

Become an ACCOUNTANT- Auditor—C. P. A.

The demand for skilled accountants—men who really know their business—is increasing. National and state legislation is requiring of business much more in the way of Auditing, Cost Accounting, Business Law, and Income Tax Procedure. Men who prove their qualifications in this important field are promoted to responsible executive positions.

SEND FOR FREE BOOK

Knowledge of bookkeeping unnecessary. We train you from ground up, or according to your individual needs. Low cost; easy terms.

Send name and address on the lines below for free illustrated book describing the LaSalle Accounting training and the opportunities in this highly profitable field.

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A Correspondence Institution
417 S. Dearborn St., Dept. 1361H, Chicago 5, Ill.

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Address.....
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FROM-FACTORY **MIDDLEMAN**
PROFITS

MASTER MECHANIC PORTABLE LIGHT PLANTS

Push Button Start—700 watts 115 v. 60 cye AC. Powered by a rugged 2.2 h. p. easy-starting Briggs gas engine. No wiring necessary, just plug in and operate. Plenty of current for any radio, television, oil burner, freezer, pump, lights, etc. which require up to 700 watts. Ideal for camp, cottage, trailer or boat! Includes voltmeter and built in winding to charge 6 v. auto batteries. Wt. 75 lbs. Easily fits in car trunk. Be prepared if storm knocks out power lines.
Fully guaranteed. Regularly \$275.00. Special **\$143.50**

24 volt with larger generator and engine—50% greater output. Factory price..... **\$199.50**

Send 10c for Big 1957 Catalog. Free with order. Prices l.o.b. factory, 10-day Money Back guarantee. Send check or M.O. Master Mechanic Mfg. Co., Dept. 66-P, Burlington, Wis.

People 60 to 80: Tear Out This Ad

... and mail it today to find out how you can still apply for a \$1,000 life insurance policy to help take care of final expenses without burdening your family.

You handle the entire transaction by mail with OLD AMERICAN of KANSAS CITY. No obligation. No one will call on you!

Write today, simply giving your name, address and age. Mail to Old American Ins. Co., 1 West 9th, Dept. L157M, Kansas City, Mo.

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Try a Brooks Patented Air Cushion appliance. This marvelous invention for most forms of reducible rupture is GUARANTEED to bring YOU heavenly comfort and security—day and night—at work and at play—or it costs you NOTHING! Thousands happy. Light, neat-fitting. No hard pads or springs. For men, women, and children. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial to prove it. Not sold in stores. Beware of imitations. Write for Free Book on Rupture, no-risk trial order plan, and Proof of Results. Ready for you NOW!

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., 305-F State St., Marshall, Mich.





LEGION ROD AND GUN CLUB



By JACK DENTON SCOTT

THE UTAH Fish and Game Department has gotten up some mock "tombstones" bearing epitaphs to imaginary victims of careless hunters. The epitaphs carry wording lamenting the death of the victim due to one of the most common mistakes of hunters such as hunting with gun "off safety," carrying a loaded gun in the car and leaving loaded guns lying around. These tombstones are available to service organizations who might be public spirited enough to erect a mock graveyard in a prominent place to serve to remind hunters to avoid carelessness in the handling of their firearms.



ANYONE EVER in doubt about the sagacity of junior marksmanship and rifle programs for our Legion Posts, Boy Scouts, and other youth groups in America will be interested in learning that one of the great heroes of the recent revolt in Hungary is a 13-year-old boy. He was wounded in the leg by a grenade when, with 100 other youngsters with rifles, he successfully helped stand off Russian tanks and armored cars. In addition to his valor, he was credited with superb marksmanship. When asked how he got that way, he said, "All of us kids were trained to use rifles well in the Communist Party..."

C. E. McCALL, 5406 SE. 45th Ave., Portland 6, Oreg., has a few words for all of you January campers: "If you have the problem of your cabin in the mountains getting damp, hang an opened 10-to 25-pound bag of charcoal up high and out of the way. It will absorb all of the dampness." And, "For an excellent camp light, soak an ordinary brick for 24 hours in kerosene. Wrap a wire around it, hang it on a tree branch, and light it. It will burn for about seven hours."

MODEL B-400 Bilt-Well Boat Trailer for 12-ft. boats sells at \$124.50. One-man operated. Fulton Winch, trails lightly. Capacity 400 lbs. Other models to Heavy Duty Trailer with 1,500-lbs. capacity at \$399.50. Other details from Bilt-Well Trailer Co., 82nd and Brewster Ave., Phila. 42, Pa.

FOR DEDICATED gun fans: Not long off the press, *Remington Arms, In American History*, by the well-known scribbler and biographer, Alden Hatch. It reads like a house afire, sells for \$6.50, and is published by Rinehart and Co., New York. On the subject of Remington Arms Co., if you'd like to know more about the guns and ammunition of the oldest gunmakers in the country, write to the company at Bridgeport, Conn., and ask for its new free 20-page catalog wherein everything from shells to handtraps is illustrated.

HAMMOND'S SPORTS ATLAS, guide to outdoor sports, is out. E. L. Jordan, Ph.D., of Rutgers University, is the author. 9½ x 12½, 65 pages, 15 maps, 25 photo illustrations, plenty of reading matter about popular participant and spectator sports, also lesser known pastimes such as hunting panthers with hounds in Florida or mountain lions in Colorado. Price \$2.95. Your bookstore or C. S. Hammond & Co., 521 5th Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

JOHN S. GREEN, 3505 Wayne Ave., New York 67, N. Y., is a guy who has regard for his feet. He passes on information that may help yours: "After first giving your hunting and fishing leather footwear a thorough saddle soap treatment, secure two or three large beef bones from your local butcher. Have the bones split in half lengthwise to remove the marrow. Then after the raw marrow has been mashed up in your hand, apply it to the wetting and the entire leather upper. The soft marrow should be thoroughly worked into the leather with the fingers. You will have dry feet at the end of your hunting trip as moisture and water will not penetrate leather boots that have been treated in this manner. Your leather boots will be soft and pliable all through the season. This can be repeated every year."

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, Department of Fish and Game releases these figures as of Nov. 7 on the deer kill tally. Total kill coastal and inland seasons combined: approximately 105,000. Of this figure, 75,000 were taken during the inland seasons and 30,000 in the coastal hunts.

THOSE OF YOU who are batty about boats get set for the National Motor Boat Show at the beautiful new Coliseum in New York City; it runs from January 19 to the 27th. Boat Shows elsewhere follow.

KENNETH D. PURDY, Cisne, Ill., has a word on sporting equipment: "I've found that the knapsack used by GI's in World War II makes a nifty fishing tackle holder, shotgun shell carrier, and game sack. It can be had at nearly any Army and Navy or surplus store, is low in cost, and makes more sense than any other tackle or game pouch that I've seen on the market."

IF YOU'RE having trouble storing your fishing rods for the winter, make it easy on yourself like I did. For \$2.95 I bought the "Hang-A-Rod" bar. It is 15 inches long, made of polished aluminum, easily screws into that spare spot in the closet, and will hang five rods. Conceived and sold by Dorrod, Inc., Box 2146, Kansas City 42, Mo.

ORGANIZED OUTBOARDING is a new handsome 36-page illustrated booklet put out by the Outboard Boating Club at 307 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill. It's free and full of good ideas to help boating clubs plan, organize and conduct their yearly activities. Such subjects as Club Cruises, Beach Parties, Regattas, Boating Safety and Club Promotions are featured. Write Ed Spanke at the above address for your free copy.



ALBERT E. KOLAN, Box 805, Russellton, Pa., has a line for dog lovers: "I find it handy," he says, "to carry a pair of eyebrow tweezers with me when I go small game hunting because my dog often gets thorns in her feet, and I can easily yank them out with the tweezers."

Commendable. Also for thoughtful dog lovers is a dog house we saw at a friend's not long ago: Ken-L-King has a precut, ready to assemble house made of masonite, a durable, easy-to-clean hardboard. Features include a swinging door for ready entrance and exit. The medium size is 22" long, 22" high, and 17½" wide, with a door opening 10" X 12". The larger one is 32½" long, 23½" wide, and 30" high, with a door 14¾" X 18". Respective f.o.b. prices are \$10.95 and \$16.95. Made and distributed by the Unique Manufacturing and Dist. Co., 451 Wilke Drive, Cincinnati 38, Ohio.

ROD AND GUN CLUB

(Continued from previous page)

ALONG ABOUT the end of last month we sat in an ice fishing shanty and listened to the winter wind howling outside like a mad wolf. We didn't have so much as a shiver, and we asked the fishing friend of ours a few things about his castle.

He told us that it was easily built with masonite panels, which assure a long life. It has a plastic window, which of course may be darkened by means of a shade.

Since only seven panels are involved, there is a minimum of construction, hauling, setting up, and knocking down. They can be hauled atop a car or pickup truck.

An interesting feature is that the panels are fastened together with screen couplings. No nuts and bolts are needed; so there's nothing to become lost and no fumbling around in icy weather getting the panels set up. Construction is easy, as there are only four different patterns for the seven panels. A stovepipe hole may be cut in one of the wall panels. Naturally, the hole must be protected by an asbestos collar.

Application of a primer and two finish coats of paint complete the "house on ice."

To obtain a free working drawing, write the Home Service Bureau, Suite 2037, 111 W. Washington St., Chicago 2, Ill., requesting a copy of Plan AE-799.

SPEAKING OF guns and the ability to use them, if you'd like a colorful free catalog that not only pictures some beauties you may want, but also tells how to use them and care for them, write for the new Marlin Guns' catalog. Address Lawrence Ferguson, The Marlin Firearms Co., 11 W. 42nd Street, New York 36, N. Y.

A DAY WITH THE CHAMPS

(Continued from page 26)

Together with their manager and coaches the 15 players also went on a whirlwind sightseeing tour of New York, appeared on two national TV programs, were guests at a dinner in their honor, and hobnobbed with celebrities of the baseball world.

As usual, the Empire State Building was one of the spots that the team most wanted to see, and the players managed to get in a visit to the famous observation tower on their first day in town. After seeing the Dodgers trim the Yankees in the first game of the Series at Ebbets Field in Brooklyn, team members were guests at a dinner in their honor at Al Schacht's restaurant.

Here they had an opportunity to see many of the baseball people whose names were well known to them. Several baseball personalities dropped in on the boys during dinner to talk baseball for a few minutes.

On the first morning of their stay the Legion Champs found themselves on TV when they appeared on the NBC *Today* show with Dave Garroway.

Rain canceled the second day's game at Ebbets Field, and the Americanism

IF YOU'D LIKE to learn all about minnows before it comes time to use them to lure in the big ones next spring, a new booklet, *Raising Bait Fishes*, could be your answer for profitable wintertime reading. Well illustrated with diagrams and photographs, this 124-page publication gives the "how, when, where, and why" of raising bait fishes. The text covers the design of suitable rearing ponds, feeding and handling of the fish, and many other operations. Pictures and descriptions of some important bait fishes are included. Copies are available at 45 cents from the Superintendent of Documents, U. S. Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D. C. Ask for Circular 35.



MRS. EDGAR C. WOOD, 2250 Vineyard Road, Novato, Calif., suggests: "Take along a spray can of DDT to use when you put the downed deer in the trunk of your car, if you don't want fleas in residence all winter. Spray some in your clothes bag, or spray the hide and head if you have butchered the deer."

If you have a helpful idea that pertains to hunting or fishing, send it along. If we can use it, we'll reward you with a hunting or fishing accessory. Address: Outdoor Editor, *The American Legion Magazine*, 720 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, New York.

Commission extended the team's stay another day so that the boys could see the second game. In the meantime the players used their day off to visit Yankee Stadium where they were shown behind the scenes and got a closeup look at the memorial plaques to Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig, and Miller Huggins.

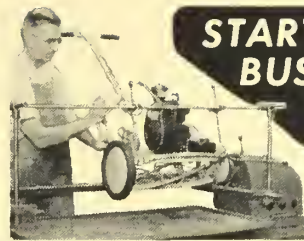
Still more interesting to the players was a chance to talk to a former member of the team of Post 245. He was Yogi Berra, star catcher for the Yankees, and a native of St. Louis.

Yogi was one of 28 former American Legion Junior Baseball players who played in the Series. Sixteen of the Yankees and 12 of the Dodgers competed at one time under Legion auspices. The 28 players in the Series were a small part of the 257 players in major league competition this year who once were Legion Junior Baseball players.

On their second morning in town the champions again appeared on TV. This time they were on the CBS *Good Morning* show with Will Rogers, Jr. They again saw the Dodgers beat the Yankees at Ebbets Field, and the next afternoon the team flew back to St. Louis. THE END

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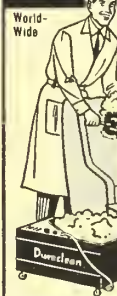
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Hagerstown, Maryland

WE LEARNED ABOUT JAP PRISONS FROM THE INSIDE

(Continued from page 13)

"No one in the Army visited us until after the provost marshal at the airbase learned there were Americans in the prison. He came on his own, bringing magazines and books. When a major in the Army Medical Corps visited the prison we wished he hadn't! I happened to be in the corridor when he was talking to a guard who complained about the cost of taking care of the Americans. He mentioned the one egg and bottle of milk we had been getting each morning as an example. The major told him that this was unnecessary, that one egg every three days was sufficient. After that we got fried, boiled, or raw onion two out of three days, and finally no egg at all.

"I was allowed out of solitary every day for about 20 minutes to walk up and down the corridor between the cells, and was taken once a week to bathe. All my meals were brought to me by a Japanese prisoner; so the food was usually cold. We had cabbage, potatoes, bread, and rice for the main meal, with fish at times or animal intestines. For a brief spell we had a small piece of meat three times a week, which didn't taste bad. When I asked what it was, the guard said it was dog; so I didn't eat it any more. Then they quit giving it out."

Ed said he was kept in solitary confinement because the Japanese said they were afraid of the Americans. Later they claimed they could not find work for him. It was not part of his sentence to be in solitary. They finally put him to work in a basket factory, and then he got his army boots back.

Regrettably our own Defense Department does not admit confinement in this type of cell to be extra punishment. In

excusing Japanese prisons to Congress, the Department referred to this type of cell as an "individual" cell as if it were a privilege to occupy one. The report the Defense Department made to Congress on the prison at Fuchu is filled with inaccuracies.

Bill first met Ed in Fuchu Prison. Bill was starting to serve his sentence and Ed was transferred there as part of a program to confine all Americans in one prison. Bill had a month of solitary confinement before being put to work in an ink factory. He had several other periods in solitary.

When the bread which was baked in the prison got so dirty and full of foreign matter as to be unfit to eat, Bill and Ed and six other Americans refused to eat it. The Japanese considered this as a strike and sent six of the eight to solitary. The two that were not sent were colored boys. "The Japanese thought they could work up some prejudice that way," Bill said.

"While working in the kitchen I once asked a guard for some soap to wash mess dishes because they were so greasy. When he refused I jokingly called him 'Kitchinbo.' I think that is a word for 'cheap' or 'tight,'" Bill explained. "The guard got mad and told the head guard, which got me another six or seven days in solitary."

"If you were working at Fuchu you lived in a large cell with seven others and ate in a mess hall," Bill continued. "There was a large table in the center of each cell with eight chairs around it. We slept on the floor on pads about an inch thick which were rolled up with the blankets during the day and ar-

ranged in rows, four bundles on each side of the room. The beds had to be made up each night and were so close to each other we had difficulty in avoiding stepping on each other if we moved around. The toilets in Fuchu cells were flush toilets, sunk in the floor, discharging on the ground outside right under the window."

The cells were not heated at Fuchu, though there were stoves in the work-rooms. In March, after the winter was almost over, the Japanese started to issue hot water bottles to the prisoners. "They started filling these bottles about three o'clock, and they were delivered to the cells at five," Ed explained. "You got to bed as early as you could to keep warm, but usually about seven; so there wasn't much heat left in a bottle then. I've kicked mine out on the floor many times. I've known water to freeze in the cells."

Fuchu was damp as well as cold. Ed said some of his possessions got moldy. The boys didn't think that the blankets were ever washed while they were there, although Bill said they were taken away in summer.

Other food besides the bread was pretty bad too. Bill remarked, "At dinner and supper we would have some kind of ground stuff in a patty. It might be ground beef intestines, or whale, but it smelled so bad you couldn't eat it." Ed said he could see trucks delivering food at times from where he was working in the cell blocks, and "Some of it was so rotted it had turned green. It was mostly intestines, whale, squid or something like that."

Prisoners are not allowed to smoke in Japanese prisons. This brought Ed another 57 days in solitary confinement in Yokusuka Prison. This was the prison which was said to have central heat and to which all Americans were to be transferred from Fuchu. Because he had been working in the cell blocks at Fuchu, Ed was one of those selected to go ahead and clean up and prepare the new quarters. There he got some cigarettes from a Japanese guard. About a month later he was told that his violation was known, and he was confined alone for 14 days of investigation. This was followed by a ten-day sentence and a long wait until the Japanese condescended to put him to work.

Here was revealed the attitude of Japanese toward Americans. Bill mentioned, "I had a number of conversations at my cell door with the assistant custody officer about my application for work which I had sent to his superior. He said he knew his chief had it on his desk but that I should keep on making the applications. I told him this



"What's the matter—you too good to drink with us?!"

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

would look as if I was begging and I wouldn't do it. He said, 'Sometimes it pays to beg.' The Japanese tried to make Americans beg for everything, but I never would."

The Japanese like their role of jailers, possibly the more because they had so recently been a conquered nation. By claiming that the Americans were dangerous, and then reducing them to supplicants, they could pose as lion tamers. This was evident whenever the prisoners could be exhibited to the public.

"The Japs never moved an American outside the prison without first handcuffing him," Ed said. "Then a rope was tied around his waist and fastened to the handcuffs. The prisoner could then only move his hands a few inches. If more than one prisoner was moved, they would be fastened to each other by ropes. When I was moved to Fuchu, two of us traveled this way for 24 hours on the train, with four guards, and we were paraded through the railroad station in Tokyo manacled and roped together."

There were 55 Americans in Fuchu Prison when it was decided to move them to Yokusuka. The Japanese made a continuing production of the transfer, moving a few prisoners at a time by bus, about a four-hour trip. "I was one of the first four moved," commented Ed. "We were manacled and roped together, in a bus with seven Japanese guards and prison officials. The bus was preceded by a motorcycle policeman and an armored car, with two other cars loaded with guards and another policeman following us."

Ed and Bill did not know anything about House Joint Resolution 309, which I had introduced in the House of Representatives in May 1955, which would have directed the President to try to reclaim the criminal jurisdiction over our troops abroad. When our diplomats arranged to surrender this jurisdiction to the Japanese, they gave no thought to prison conditions in Japan or to the laws and procedure to which our boys might fall victim. When the House Foreign Affairs Committee arranged hearings on my resolution, the Defense Department paid more attention to our boys in prison or awaiting trial abroad. The move to Yokusuka Prison was probably one result of this, in an effort to provide a little warmth for American prisoners. Then, too, the criminal laws of Japan were finally translated by the Defense Department shortly before this move.

The so-called central heating in Yokusuka Prison was a disappointment, the boys said. Running through the cells was a single three-inch pipe to which small metal fins were attached for a space of about two feet in each cell. The steam was turned on at about four o'clock each afternoon and there was

some warmth in the pipe for several hours, barely taking the chill off. Ed often sat on the pipe for warmth.

The steampipes really had too much cold to overcome. The floors in Yoku-

A SUMMARY OF H. J. RES. 309
The NATO Status of Forces Agreement, an Administrative agreement with Japan, and more than 50 other Executive Agreements with other nations grant what amounts to exclusive criminal jurisdiction over our servicemen for off-duty offenses to the participating countries. H. J. Resolution 309 sought to direct the President to seek a modification of all such agreements so that the right to exercise such jurisdiction would be restored to the United States. Failing such modification being secured, the President would have been directed to terminate such agreements in accordance with the terms of each. The NATO agreement could not be denounced until August 1957, the denunciation to be effective a year later.

suka were wood, with many large cracks through which you could see the ground. The light and cold came through holes in the foundation. The men had beds to sleep on here, with rice straw mattresses. They were fortunate to get off the floor, for enormous rats would come up

through the wooden floors into the cells. Several rats had to be killed in the cells.

The fact that the Defense Department stepped up the visits by officers who were to check the prison conditions and consult with the prisoners did the American prisoners little good. Some officers were easily hoodwinked. One major was shown the food served to the guards; the Japs claimed it was prison fare. The major called the men liars when they described the dirty and rotted food they were getting. Another officer told our prisoners that everything was fine, that he could see nothing wrong, that he thought they were better off than they would have been in an American detention area or in prison at home.

Bill was criticized by one of these visitors for not having any pride in his appearance. The officer ignored the fact that Bill was not allowed to bathe or shave oftener than once a week, a period shortened in summer to every five days. Bill was caught with his whiskers out!

Ed reported that two different American officers were not deceived. Each found conditions as described by the men to be true, and each complained to the prison authorities and promised action from American headquarters. Neither of these officers was allowed to make more than two visits. They were replaced by other officers more con-



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cerned about the good will of the Japanese than the conditions surrounding the prisoners. Bill and Ed can scarcely be criticized for the belief that the higher command in Japan was not very sympathetic to their situation.

The American prisoners, having gotten nowhere through their own visiting officers, tried to present their grievances to the warden. He refused to see them. Finally they all staged a sitdown strike by refusing to leave the mess hall on one occasion. It was then arranged that a committee of three might see the warden in his office. Ed was one of the committee. They took with them a Japanese-American who had been a civilian employee of the Army and was then serving a five-month sentence for a traffic violation. The *nisei* translated to the warden a long list of requested improvements which included more recreation, more reading material, increased mailing privileges, better food, permission to bathe and shave more frequently. The warden promised everything, Ed said, but did nothing.

Ed thinks his being one of this committee and his refusal at all times to act as a beggar probably delayed his release from prison at least seven months. He became eligible for parole under Japanese regulations long before they would grant him a hearing.

The report made by Ed and Bill must be curtailed in this narrative. I shall only refer to the indifference of the Japanese to the health of the prisoners, the inadequate and incompetent medical and dental treatment furnished them. I am also going to skip over the beatings of American prisoners which occurred on slight provocation. It seems that any guard who felt affronted by an American could by a blast of his whistle have as many as 30 guards converge on the hapless prisoner. Each guard apparently felt that face-saving then required him to push or strike the prisoner with anything available. Some men still carry scars on their wrists where the manacles cut into the flesh as they struggled through such beatings.

Ed and Bill don't think that all Americans are together in one prison now. Before they left Yokusuka, the Japanese had shipped six Americans back to Fuchu on the ground that they were troublemakers. There are other Americans in jails scattered around Japan who are waiting the results of appeals or serving sentences.

Of course, I have not referred to Ed and Bill by their true names. They are having enough difficulty getting jobs because of their conviction and imprisonment abroad, and I feel they should not have the finger of shame pointed at

them unnecessarily. Both boys, however, are willing, and even anxious, to appear before any congressional committee that may be interested in hearing the truth about the treatment of our soldiers in Japan. I hope that in the next session of Congress there will be such a committee, and that a resolution such as House Joint Resolution 309 will be presented to Congress for action.

I wish that the State Department representatives, who made the Agreement with Japan and the NATO Status of Forces Agreement, might have been in my office to answer Ed's last question: "What happened to my Constitutional rights?" he asked. "Right after I was arrested an Army officer told me that I had lost my Constitutional rights. We had ancestors who fought for those rights. Soldiers have always fought for them. I was willing to fight for them. I think they're great. I was deprived of them. I can't understand why soldiers should lose them anywhere. If you can take them away from men who are defending these rights, then isn't everybody in the United States in danger of losing them?"

Perhaps the 19 members of the House Foreign Affairs Committee who voted against reporting H. J. Res. 309 to the House for action should ponder Ed's question, too. THE END

THE IDEAL AMERICAN LEGION POST

(Continued from page 25)

Second Prize-Winning Letter By GEORGE SELGRAT

— a Post known year in and year out for its prompt and early membership returns.

It would be a Post where Past Commanders were without exception the bulwarks of the Post and formed a special "task force" for special projects.

It would be a Post that was known in its Department, and nationally, as one of the "solid rocks" forming the great base on which the entire Legion structure rests.

It would be a Post that showed by dramatic example that it considered all men equal—and would not hesitate to accept as a member any representative of a minority group, providing that this individual was an honest, law-abiding citizen.

It would be a Post that would not tolerate any ugly situation in its community—a Post that would strongly protest the presence of any community cancer — be it vice or slums — and be so entrenched as to have its voice heeded forthwith.

It would be a Post that saw to it that every person in its community had a decent place to live.

It would be a Post that made certain that no one in its community ever went hungry.

It would be a Post that made certain that no one in its community ever lacked needed medical or dental facilities.

It would be a Post that made certain that no one was ever ill-clad—especially in winter and especially children.

It would be a Post that encouraged kindness to animals and, lacking a recognized humane group in the community, would maintain an animal shelter.

It would be a Post whose members could be counted on day or night to assist the regular police or fire force.

It would be a Post that made certain that the children of the community were definitely made aware of the glorious history of this country—and told of the dangers of a "one world" system.

It would be a Post that took pride in its Americanization—that encouraged its members to forget their racial origins and think "American" always.

It would be a Post that brought the menace of world communism to the attention of every member of its community.

It would be a Post that sponsored a Junior Baseball team every year and never failed to send some of its youngsters to Boys State.

It would be a Post that every year honored several members with lifetime memberships in recognition of their long and faithful service.

My Post would and should be many more things. Essentially it would be a Post of such significance that should some catastrophe one day blot out the Post and all its members, the community would quickly wither and die. May The American Legion some day have such a Post in each suburb and town in this country. THE END

Third Prize-Winning Letter By AL COOKE

A Post that makes sure the Scout Troop has a place to meet.

A Post that helps a student when he needs it the most, through a scholarship fund, or honoring the young orator for the prestige he has brought to his school and community.

A Post that the community is proud of. A Post where, when a stranger in the community asks if someone can direct him to the Legion Post, any little tyke can pop up and say "Yes, sir, turn at the first red light, go two blocks over, the clubhouse is on Legion Square," and it is—because the townspeople and the municipal fathers have passed an ordinance renaming the streets around the clubhouse Legion Square.

THE IDEAL POST—the one its members proudly refer to as MY POST.

THE END

YOU CAN HURT THEM WITH HAPPINESS

(Continued from page 23)

"Of course." Her voice took a defensive edge. "Why shouldn't Leroy have a car? He says all his friends have them. Besides, he begged me and begged me to sign for him. I never saw anyone so happy with anything as he was when I gave in."

"So he got the car and immediately went truant."

Mrs. Frazer's faded eyes began to sparkle. "He's not the first boy to skip school. And what's the car to do with it?"

"Don't you see what a temptation it would be to a boy like Leroy?" I explained. "On such a beautiful spring day he wouldn't feel like school, and it was so easy just to keep on riding."

She shook her head. "Maybe you're right, but he is so happy with the car."

I glanced at her worn clothes, her rough hands. "Where did Leroy get the money for the car? And for the gas and oil he needs now?"

"He's been working at a store evenings and weekends," she said.

I happened to know that the Frazers were even then getting supplementary help from a private social agency. "Doesn't Leroy give you any of the money he earns?" I asked.

The mother seemed almost shocked. "Of course not. He doesn't have enough to take care of his own clothes and good times. Why, just going out one night to the show with a girl and then to a place to eat costs more than he makes in a week sometimes."

I wondered how much money was in her black purse—so ragged she had to clutch it at the bottom to keep it from falling apart. "But he wouldn't need to

go on such expensive dates. And any kind of car is very expensive to operate."

"It's his money. And he can do what he wants with it to have fun. He'll probably be in the Army in another year. And who knows after that what will happen?" Her eyes filled with tears.

That, of course, is another usual argument parents have for giving their son anything—the boy will have to go into the armed services soon. In the interim, anything for his happiness.

An amazing example of the ends to which this theory is pursued happened in the case of Jim. His family was in the average income group. He lived with his parents and two younger brothers in a bungalow only partially paid for. Sometimes the father took an extra night job to augment the family finances.

Meanwhile, Jim had an evening paper route. Since most of the deliveries were in an apartment building, the number of customers was large. In less than a year Jim had cleared more than \$800. His mother told me this proudly when I called her in to discuss his low grades.

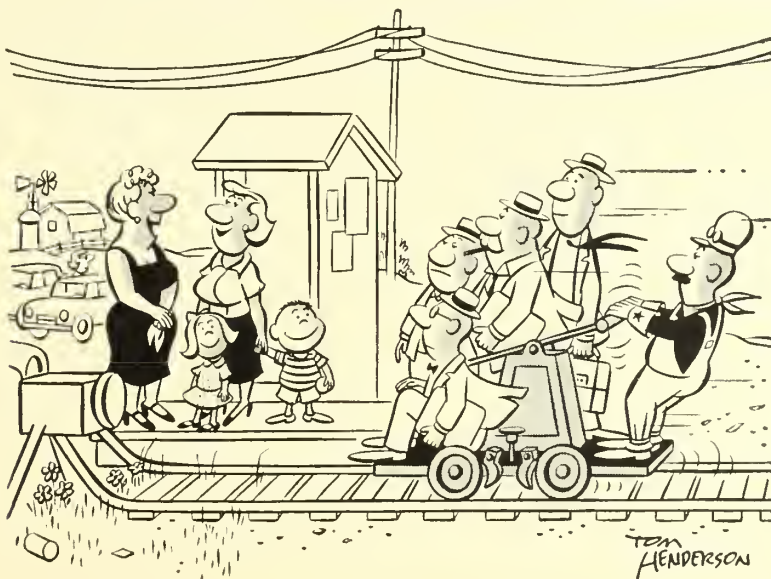
"He must have a good bank account," I suggested. "Is he saving for college?"

The look of pride faded from the mother's face. "Well, no," she said apologetically. "That's the bad part. He hasn't saved a cent."

"Perhaps then you make him pay board and room?"

This mother looked shocked, too. "Certainly not! We wouldn't take a cent of this money. It's his to spend as he pleases."

"You could take the money and put it aside for him," I said. "Obviously he doesn't know how to handle it."



"How does your husband like commuting from out here?"

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

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"He wouldn't want to give it to us. But I do think he spends it in silly ways. Do you know he has two bicycles? One has racing tires and the other snow tires. And just last month, he bought a piano. And what a mess that was! We had no room for it downstairs; so the men had to haul it up outside through a window into Jim's room. His father was mad about that."

I agreed I would have been, too. But she was not prepared to take the only course open to parents in such a position: Insist on having the weekly wage turned over to them so they could give the boy an allowance and bank the rest for his education. Oh no, that wouldn't make Jim happy.

Truancy, which I mentioned earlier, always poses a problem. Parents are protective of their children, want to spare them any difficulties. But should that carry them to the point where they will lie for their children? What sort of character training is it when a father will say that his daughter is home ill although she is actually playing hooky and he does not know where she is?

For instance, I knew Marion Smith had been truant twice in the last two months. The first time, her mother assured me Mary was home with her usual "bad headache." The second time, I gave the mother no opportunity to cover for her daughter. I knew she was out with another girl, whose mother had told me the truth. So I simply called Mrs. Smith and told her her daughter was truant.

In the personal conference which followed I tried to emphasize the importance of being at school, of the school's responsibility under law in knowing where its students were. But Mrs. Smith could see just one thing: Marion was being punished by receiving zeros in all

the classes she had skipped. She even had to remain after school to make up the hours! Marion was not happy.

"You act as though she's a criminal," she complained. "Everyone skips school."

When I showed statistics proving that very few students played truant, she said, "Oh, parents just say their children are home sick."

"Lying for a child doesn't set a very good example, does it?" I asked.

She did flush, but that was all.

I pointed out that Marion's partner in the latest truancy was being denied certain privileges by her family. She was not permitted to go out on dates for a month, and her allowance was halved for that time.

"But she won't be able to have any fun at all!" Mrs. Smith exclaimed. "I call that sheer cruelty."

"Gertrude's folks want to make her realize that it was not the right thing to do—breaking trust with them and the school, walking out on her responsibility."

"Well, I wouldn't be that mean to my child. I couldn't stand seeing her so unhappy." Mrs. Smith rose, to indicate that she had given the final word.

And, I suppose, it was her final word—and final criterion—her daughter's happiness. Character building didn't enter into it.

"Never deny the child anything," seems to be the parents' motto. Give him, as one of our fathers did, ten dollars a week spending money. Give him a car. Let him take off three weeks in the middle of the winter term to go to Florida.

Then one day he requested to call at the counselor's office for a conference on the child's grades, conduct, and ir-

regular attendance. Mr. Isaacs, who had given his son all these pleasures, came belligerently. "What's wrong with giving a kid whatever he wants?" he demanded. "I earned the money and I guess I can spend it on what I want."

"But can you afford to spend it on Don?" I asked.

He also looked at me as if he thought I were feeble-minded.

"Don was caught gambling in the locker room last night," I said. "He skipped school last week. He is failing every subject."

Mr. Isaac's round face looked as though it would burst. "That's a lie," he said. "The kid is passing everything."

I produced Don's report card. There were red marks for each subject.

I thought Mr. Isaacs would have a stroke. He bellowed, he pounded on the table, and when Don came in he almost attacked him physically. "You liar and bum," he screamed. "What about this report card with the red marks? That ain't the one you showed me."

Don was forced to admit that he had stolen a blank card and entered high grades on it for his parent's benefit. Meanwhile, he had forged his father's signature on the failing card. The object of it all? To keep on driving the car his folks had given him, to get the allowance he needed for his pleasures.

He wasn't "happy" when his father made him hand over the keys to his convertible right there. I heard later that the car was sold, the allowance reduced. Maybe Don still isn't happy, but his grades have improved, and he has been at school regularly.

So many other things enter into this "keep your children happy" campaign. What time should young people get home after a date? Girls particularly are affected by this question. Parents seem willing to risk their daughter's reputation for the presumed popularity of allowing them to stay out until all hours.

In one high school a student clique decided to make the prom an all-night affair. When the dance ended at 12:30, they went on to a supper club, from there to someone's home, and from there to a nearby pool, where they took an early morning swim.

The parents of the youngsters recognized their children were definitely unhappy when they went to police headquarters to help them out of that scrape! But most of them had been talked into allowing the late hours simply because "all the other kids were going to do it." How could anyone deny his own child this happiness?

Let's go back to Robert once more. Robert whose mother let him drop geometry because he wasn't "happy" studying it, Robert whose mother and father spent their lives making him "happy."



"It isn't that I object to getting married, Joan . . . but the wedding and honeymoon would use up all my vacation!"

I often wonder if Robert would have realized what his mother had done to him when he came to his senior year. He never reached it. No, it wasn't that he flunked out. Robert was a smart enough lad, and with proper home encouragement would have been a top student instead of just on the ragged edge of 70 most of the time. Robert never studied at home, though. In fact he never spent any free time there if he could help it. That didn't make him happy.

He belonged to a group of boys and girls who enjoyed staying out late, smoking—maybe drinking a little—and riding around in cars at too high speeds. I imagine it was a matter of discussion at the Browns that Robert didn't have a car of his own. But, of course, he got the family car often. He was a good driver, too, though the police had already picked him up once for speeding on an arterial highway and had suspended his license for 60 days.

He wasn't driving, nor was it the family car that Robert and his four high school chums were joyriding in at 90 miles an hour the midnight it happened. One boy lived long enough to say that.

Even the police weren't too sure how the accident occurred. They did know that whoever was driving had to swerve as he hit a sharp turn in the road. At 90 miles an hour it was enough. When the car hit the concrete abutment, it split wide open like an exploding tin can. The two girls and three boys were killed, and in a manner that made identification of the victims almost impossible.

Too lurid an account to be true, you say? I am sure the parents of the boys and girls wish it weren't true! I kept wondering afterward whether it wouldn't point a lesson—however tragic—to those and other parents. Happiness isn't the be-all and end-all for their youngsters. The rules of school and life are made for a reason. To flaunt them or negate them for the immediate pleasure of their children is dangerous. It may, as in Robert's case, be fatal.

It is difficult to write an article such as this without seeming to preach. But the examples do speak for themselves. Nor are they isolated. In our middle-class community hundreds of parents are reluctantly allowing for their youngsters courses of conduct which they, the parents, disapprove, which they actually feel wrong. Often both parents are working for the sole purpose of giving their children luxuries they'd be better without.

The object of sacrifices, the worry, and—yes—the heartaches is "happiness." I can't help but think that in the long run they'll realize their mistakes.

Their children are not learning these certainties of life: They can't be happy always; there are certain principles which build character; and those principles cannot be ignored without evil effects on the one who ignores them. Discipline is imperative for a teen-ager so that he may learn self-discipline.

If parents would consider the end results, surely they would agree that children should not always be happy!

THE END

"Sound Off!"

(Continued from page 5)

vote in a national election. Now I am 30 years old and had to pass up another national election. Why? Because this time I was guilty of moving across the State line to Ohio, just four miles away from my former home in Pennsylvania.

H. H. Hopkins
Conneaut, Ohio

▼ In replying to the above, Mr. Ted W. Brown, Secretary of State for Ohio, said: "The reason for the time limitation is to safeguard against fraud and to prevent folks moving into the State from voting on local matters before they have established an interest in such matters. But certainly every person ought to have the right to vote for President wherever he is located. It is not an easy matter to solve. Here in

Ohio it would require changing the Constitution but we undoubtedly will also ask the Legislature to look into the situation to see if some remedial measures may be taken." *The Editors*

LEGION VS. FUND

Sir: As a veteran and member of The American Legion, please allow me this opportunity to compliment *The American Legion Magazine* for a most courageous editorial policy. It is one of the too few national publications in our day which support the truly American philosophy of a free and sovereign America as opposed to the too many publications and organizations such as the Fund for the Republic which support the philosophies of internationalism as opposed to sovereignty, and collectivist regimentation as opposed to liberty and freedom with responsibility.

Donald G. Scott
Philadelphia, Pa.

Letters published in *Sound Off!* do not necessarily represent the policy of *The American Legion*. Name withheld if requested. Keep your letters short. Address: *Sound Off!*, The American Legion Magazine, 720 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

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IN

JANUARY						
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
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6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		

Let's

Finish

the Job!

manding officer. The guard and the reporters eyed me belligerently. Ah—see here? I was right—look for yourselves—ha! In triumph I turned on my heels and walked to edge of the slip, where I stood peering down into the river. At least I assumed the river was down there; I could hear something wet slapping against the pilings.

My soggy retinue joined me. "What the hell time do you expect this thing, Lieutenant?" inquired the *Times-Picayune*.

"Oh, any minute now," I said, basing my statement solely upon hope.

"Man, what I wouldn't give for a cup of coffee," muttered the *Item*.

"Shut up, willya," snapped the *States*, shivering.

The pessimist from the AP got his word in. "This damn sub's probably stuck on some mud flat up around Memphis."

"Oh, no she isn't," I said knowingly. "She was under Huey Long Bridge when we left the Federal Building."

The men all looked at me as though they knew as well as I did that I was lying. "I wonder what stupid jerk arranged to dock her in the middle of the night," mumbled the bitter representative of the UP.

"It'll begin to get light soon," I temporized.

As we waited in the rain and darkness I reflected upon the absurdity of my situation. At the moment I was leader of a group of men whose job it was to cover for the nation an important story of the war. It was a heavy responsibility and if I had not been slightly apprehensive I think I actually might have enjoyed it.

Soon after a dull grayness appeared and dispelled the night, my reverie was ended by the husky puffing of a river towboat.

"Hey, listen!" cried one of the men. We stared out in the direction of the river. The water at our feet was visible, but the Mississippi itself was a road of fog. Then came the faint sound of voices and a bell clanged, and a moment later a great hulk materialized through the veil. The *Peto* had arrived at last. It was this lieutenant (jg.)'s moment of triumph.

The submarine was cradled in her floating drydock, which was attached to the towboat. The towboat grunted and heaved, and the massive submarine crept closer and closer to the small group of men huddled together on the slip.

"Damn!" came from one reporter. "This is really a kick!"

By this time we could see that the topside of the submarine was peopled

with her crew. The men of the towboat were also on deck, staring at us with curiosity. I began to feel slightly uncomfortable. I was the only uniformed member of the welcoming committee. I wondered if anything special was expected of me. For example, if some fool suddenly heaved a line ashore, what would I do with it?

The *Peto* sidled closer and a tall officer standing at her bow cupped his hands and shouted, "Where shall we tie up?"

I glanced over my shoulder, hoping that some Annapolis graduate had crept up behind me without my knowledge. I would have settled for a stevedore or even a Sea Scout, but none appeared. Turning back to the *Peto* I cried in a cracked voice, "Tie her right along here, sir."

The reporters shot me looks of surprise, happily embroidered with the first signs of respect. I grinned back at them confidently. Again came the voice of the tall officer aboard the *Peto*: "How far up the slip can we take her?"

I glanced at the open water, saw no floating women, children, or egg crates, and made a quick decision. "Take her up as far as you like, sir."

Bells clanged, paddles churned, my stomach churned, and the floating mass moved ahead another 50 yards, meanwhile edging closer to the dock. I strolled nonchalantly abreast of the *Peto*, hoping to give the skipper confidence. Suddenly a thick, heavy rope came flying toward my head. If I hadn't performed a nimble sidestep it would have knocked me cold. I picked it up and gazed at it stupidly, recalling happier days. In a few seconds a pair of sailors leaped ashore, snatched the rope from me and tied it around a stanchion in what I imagine was a granny knot—or maybe a boatswain's chair. Operation *Peto* was completed.

I beamed up at the scores of men lining the deck above me, and they beamed back. I felt like quite a fellow. I told myself that I had moored a seven-and-a-half-million-dollar submarine, a million-dollar drydock, and a towboat of unknown value.

My satisfaction was short lived. It curled up and died when the skipper, a lieutenant commander, leaned down and inquired, "How much water have we got here?"

I pondered my answer. Should I say, "A hell of a lot?" From where I stood it certainly looked like a hell of a lot. But something told me that such an answer was not particularly nautical. Before I could formulate a reply the question was repeated. "Lieutenant, I

asked how much water we have here."

I decided to confess. "I wouldn't know, Commander; I'm from Public Relations."

There was a merry burst of laughter from the crew; the skipper jumped to the dock and we shook hands. After introducing myself I indicated the waiting newsmen. "Commander, these are the gentlemen of the New Orleans press."

"Really?" His voice sounded terribly gruff. "What are they doing here?"

"Well, first of all, sir, they'd like to go aboard the *Peto*."

The skipper scowled. "Nobody goes aboard the *Peto*, Lieutenant, not even you."

I stole a glance at my civilian party and saw cast iron faces and unfriendly eyes. I felt like the hero of a B crime movie, trapped and surrounded by trigger-happy mobsters. My lips managed a twitching smile. "Well, fellows," I began, with a nervous cackle, "you heard what the man said."

The fellows were not amused. The unfriendliness in their eyes was replaced by plain hatred. Suddenly, and blessedly, they turned away from me and began firing questions at the skipper. "How was the trip down the river?" "How long is the *Peto*?" "How many torpedo tubes does she have?" "What's the size of your crew?"

The skipper sighed, raised a hand for silence, and turned to me. "What brought this on, Lieutenant?"

"Well, sir, they've come to cover the story of your arrival."

"You ought to know I can't allow any stories to be released. It would be a violation of security. Put down that camera!"

I didn't dare look again at the press. I knew that each one was mentally driving pins into my wax image. The skipper turned to the crew who had witnessed the scene quietly. "Okay, men, let's get to work," he barked. Turning to the reporters, he added, "Sorry about this mistake fellows. Thanks for coming, anyway." Climbing back aboard the *Peto*, he disappeared into her insides.

"Well, there you are," I said, grinning greenly. "Now you can tell your grandchildren you actually saw Navy snafu at work." Dead silence followed my fatuous remark. I motioned toward the station wagon. "Shall we go?"

We went.

For several weeks the New Orleans press was noticeably cool to the Office of Navy Public Relations. And a subsequent issue of *Life* did little to improve our relationship. The magazine presented the whole story of the *Peto*'s journey, with pictures.

THE END

THE CARD GAME

(Continued from page 11)

hoppers onto a conveyor to pile up decks. Wrong. At USPC a deck is printed simultaneously. This guarantees uniformity of color throughout—something that wouldn't be certain if different sections of the deck were printed on different presses.

The printed sheets get several coats of varnish, and a sort of ferrotyping to add flatness and sheen. Then the cards are cut out and pushed together into decks. Now comes the crucial step—inspection.

USPC's assorters and inspectors (who doublecheck each other) are quiet-looking gals who might well drop their eyes demurely if they notice a smudge on your necktie. Don't try to slip a marked card past them, though. It wouldn't have a prayer; it's been tried.

To begin with, the young ladies are picked for ultrasharp vision, and their eyes are tested regularly. They are taught to concentrate on certain elements of a card—its color, the possibility of spots, trueness of cut, and paper blemishes. An experienced inspector can fan out a deck, and before you even finish following the sweep of her hand, she is picking out any imperfect cards and shoving in new ones. Despite the unanny speed of their detective work, inspectors often see blemishes invisible to the ordinary eye even with the aid of a magnifying glass.

Note this about the two sides of a card:

No matter who manufactures it, the faces always have approximately the same design. There may be minor variations in artistry, but not enough to disturb your recognition of the card.

The backs, though, vary all over the lot. Regular (or poker) cards—which are 2½ inches wide—tend to be most

standardized (the intricate design on USPC's "Bicycle" brand never changes). But bridge decks—2¼ inches wide so you can hold a fistful comfortably—are a riot of flowers, ships, dogs, horses, birds, and scenery in all hues of the rainbow.

Poker and pinochle cards get their serious air from the semiserious pastimes they are intended for. Bridge, however, was introduced to the U. S. by the society crowd, so the cards have a party-like flavor. Women like to have "different" cards for their club gatherings as much as they want "different" hats.

But even in bridge cards which can be used for hundreds of games besides bridge), there's a limit to daring. Manufacturers have tried cards with toney, pastel-colored faces. They were a miserable flop. Ditto streamlined pictures on the backs. A flower must show every petal and a bird all his feathers or the card is considered a freak.

This flirtation with formality stems from the history of card playing.

Cards apparently originated in the East. Just when, nobody knows. Suffice it to say that cards have been used since ancient times in China, Korea, India, and Persia—sometimes for fun, sometimes for fortunetelling or gambling.

During the 13th century or thereabouts they made their way to Europe. Some historians think the Crusaders brought them home—a logical possibility, since cards always have been soldiers' favorites. Others believe that fortunetelling gypsies spread their popularity.

Whatever the case, card playing became a Renaissance court pastime, and that's how our present cards got their markings. Face cards—once known as "court cards"—show the kings, the



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queens, and the cavaliers in costumes that befit legendary castles and palaces. Researchers even try to link face cards with great historical figures. Thus the king of hearts could be Charlemagne. The queen of hearts is said to picture Isabelle of Bavaria—or Helen of Troy, or even Joan of Arc.

The suits probably match the four orders of 15th century society:

Spades stand for the nobility. Today's symbol may be the modification of a scepter.

Hearts represent the church, the original marking being a chalice.

Diamonds are for merchants and tradesmen. But something else was used before—a coin.

Clubs are the badge of peasantry. Historians rationalize that a "club" naturally means the "stick" or "stave" that farmers poke around with. But you can work up an argument about that. It may be an acorn or a clover leaf.

Our present cards came to us via France and England. And the cards of those nations, in turn, date back to a venerable Mediterranean deck called Tarot. Actually it was a double-decker, part of which invoked mystical powers by means of 22 cards called Atouts (trumps). These had such intriguing designations as Lightning, Sun, Man Hanging by One Foot, and Female Pope. The rest of the deck would be fairly recognizable even today, except that it had 56 cards because of an extra jack in each suit.

While many of our popular card games likewise are rooted deep in history, some are brandnew. Cardmakers never can be sure which game will be a rage and which will fizzle.

Poker, say the experts, comes closest to being the ideal card game. It's fast. Almost any number of players can participate, moving in and out at will. It's easy to learn, can be varied endlessly, and has a strong flavor of luck and skill. For example, in draw (five-card) poker the odds against improving a pair into threes is 8 to 1, while the odds against fours is 359 to 1, yet there are always those who are willing to bet that the laws of mathematics don't apply to them.

Poker's popularity is backed up by its tremendous age. It started in Persia as *Âs nâs* for four players using 20 cards. The French then cooked up a version called "poque" and the Germans had a variation labeled "pocken" (which means "to knock" or "pound"). The game immigrated to the U. S. via New Orleans, and is called "poker" because most people can't pronounce "poque" correctly.

Bridge, on the other hand, commands a devotion that is truly frustrating. It has withstood the test of better than 400 years (though the auction and contract types are new, the former dating from

1904, the latter from 1925). But technically bridge should be a stinker. It is difficult, slow, complicated to score, the number of players per single game is inflexible, and they have to hold so many cards that the deck was narrowed to fit their mitts. In fact, the difficulty of bridge gave us the expression "according to Hoyle." Edmond Hoyle was an 18th century British lawyer who turned whist teacher (whist is bridge's forerunner) and eventually codified the rules to make the game more manageable. Yet bridge is a real socker of a game.

That may be due to its identification

THE SOLUTION

NORTH			
♠	K 9 8		
♥	A K J 5 3		
♦	Q J 10		
♣	8 3		
WEST			
♠	5 2		
♥	8 2		
♦	9 8 7 3		
♣	K 7 5 4 2		
EAST			
♠	6 4		
♥	Q 10 9 4		
♦	A 6 2		
♣	J 10 9 6		
SOUTH			
(Eisenhower)			
♠	A Q J 10 7 3		
♥	7 6		
♦	K 5 4		
♣	A Q		

The bidding, both sides vulnerable:

NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
1 ♥	Pass	2 ♠	Pass
3 ♠	Pass	4 N	Pass
5 ♦	Pass	6 ♠	Pass
Pass	Pass		

West opens the three of diamonds, east taking the trick with his ace. Eisenhower, south, wisely drops his king of diamonds on the ace, foreseeing his need for entries to the board. East leads the jack of clubs which Eisenhower takes with the ace. He then leads out trumps in two rounds, followed by two rounds of hearts taken in dummy with the ace and king. Next the heart jack is led from dummy, covered by the queen from east, trumped by south. South returns to dummy with a low diamond, leads back another heart and trumps east's remaining heart ten. Once again south returns to dummy with a low diamond and then plays his last remaining heart, discarding his only losing card, the club queen. The result, six spades, bid and made.

with society, as well as its brainy aspects. It is a club and party favorite—not the least of its virtues being that husbands and wives can team up against each other, often with astounding results. And its very slowness is a boon to those who like to talk more than draw blood. Cardmakers love it. Bridge players burn up decks like any style merchandise, and buy them for gifts and prizes.

Rummy, in all its variations, is the lovable game. It doesn't have the sharpness of poker nor the intricacy of bridge, but its sheer lack of sophistication suits it to all types and ages. For in rummy you mainly just match up

cards and meld (lay down) the scoring combinations.

Three newcomers attest to rummy's durability. One is gin rummy—a fast, racy game, greatly esteemed by commuters and the movie-TV crowd. Another is canasta, a more social type of play, that started in Uruguay and Argentina in the 1940's and now is thought to be the No. 1 game here (it means "basket"). It requires 108 cards (two decks with four jokers), and thus—like bridge—is a blessing to card manufacturers. Samba, a 162-card complication on Canasta, has won quite a following.

But just to show you how futile it is to predict the success of card games, two rummy takeoffs recently got nowhere. One is Oklahoma, a twist on 500-rummy; the other is Bolivia, a souped-up version of samba in which sequences can be melded and 15,000 points end the game instead of 10,000.

Not a rummy derivative, yet pretty much a flop in its own right, is calypso, invented in England in 1953. In this one you must take tricks to win, and you have to use the astronomical total of 117 cards in three-handed play and 208 in four-handed.

By contrast, that old mid-Atlantic and Western standby — pinochle — takes a mere 48. And it consistently stays way up among the leaders.

You couldn't have a top ten in card games without solitaire, of course. Don't yawn. As alert and astute a man as Allison F. Stanley, president of USPC, thinks its future will be even better than its past. An ex-newspaperman and World War I veteran (medic), Stanley was driving to work one morning when he spotted a group of elderly people in front of a hotel, absorbed in boredom. This gave him an idea. He had decks boxed up in pairs and included a colorful little booklet entitled *150 Ways to Play Solitaire*. This package has been a wonderful seller.

Behind it, of course, lies the essence of all card playing—leisure and an interesting pastime to occupy it. Stanley is enthused about the steady growth his industry should enjoy, now that leisure time is lengthening so fast.

Cards are a great field for brainstorming. Each year the makers get bales of ideas from dreamers of new diversions. The card people don't like to discourage such ingenuity, but do warn:

1. Don't send in an idea unless you have protected it. They don't want any rows over ownership.

2. Don't monkey with the shape or the face of the cards. Circular cards, though used by the Persians, would be nuts today (try shuffling 52). And don't think that Marilyn Monroe would make a more acceptable queen of hearts than the sourpuss we now have. She wouldn't.

The best place for anyone interested

in cards and card playing—either as inventor, hobbyist, or puzzled player looking for a solution to an argument—to go to is the Association of American Playing Card Manufacturers, 420 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y. It quietly promotes interest in the game, mostly by research plus hints and reminders. Typical is a book (*Take a Card*) of harmless tricks it compiled a few years ago. It's particularly useful for veterans in hospitals, and for that reason thoughtfully refrains from sleight-of-hand which handicapped fellows couldn't execute.

Like any leisure occupation, cards have been a traditionally fine target for tax collectors and reformers. The reason the ace of spades has a bigger pip (symbol) than its fellows is that the English Government once engraved its tax stamp inside it, and "Old Frizzle" retains its tricked-up interior to this day. The U. S. Federal tax is 13¢ for 54 cards, though educational cards and such are exempt. The latter are a small factor in cardmaking, though.

THEY WORK TO FIND WEAK SPOTS

(Continued from page 15)

"A racing driver usually will want two weeks' leave to go out on the circuit to race. If they've got that racing in their blood, you're not going to take it out of them.

"It takes us two or three weeks to break in a new driver, show him what to do, how we want him to drive cars, trucks or even tractors. We start him out on fuel or oil or engine break-in tests, which require constant-speed driving. After one to two years, he's pretty sharp. A test driver, if he's on the ball, can move into the special test driver category, become a technician (a driver who conducts horsepower, fuel economy and durability tests), or go into an engineering classification in a good responsible job."

Not all drivers want to move onward and upward, being thoroughly happy herding two tons of auto through the course. Ford has a number of drivers with 15 to 20 years of experience. Chevrolet has two with 25 years of service. Several drivers have more than a million miles to their credit.

Ford, like other car makers, operates 24 hours a day at its proving grounds; and this year its drivers will put an estimated 12 million miles on Ford vehicles, as against 11 million a year at GM's proving grounds and 6 million at Chrysler's.

Happily, in spite of all that slow and swift mileage, Ford has never had a driving fatality. Chrysler's 145 drivers have never suffered anything more serious than a bruise. GM, which runs what it bills as "The World's Oldest, Biggest and Best Equipped Proving Grounds," has not been quite so lucky. One of its

The "Devil's Pasteboards" label once hung on cards probably goes back to 1423 when St. Bernardino of Siena preached a classic sermon in which he gave Satan full credit for inventing playing cards. Even before that—in 1397—Paris had an edict forbidding working people to play cards on working days (tennis was similarly recognized). And until only a few years ago, some publications refused playing card advertisements as unfit for their readers.

That's all died down by now to the point where Allison F. Stanley can mildly joke about it. Something of a minor inventor, he has found that unvarnished card blanks make fine reminder-slips which can be discarded as each task is completed. He passed this tip on to his friend, Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, who enthusiastically asked for a supply of blanks to help keep his busy schedule straight.

"There's one clergyman," says Stanley brightly, "who always has a pack of cards in his pocket."

THE END

vice presidents, for instance, was seriously injured several years ago when the turbine-powered Firebird he was driving whined off the high-speed track and catapulted into the woods. But GM's over-all record is superlative. Since its honorary board chairman, Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., conceived the idea of a proving ground, GM drivers have racked up 173 million test miles. (Not unsurprisingly, test drivers agree that the most dangerous driving hours are 5 to 7 a.m., when even a pilot injured to the midnight shift is apt to become sleepy after hours of cruising past the same terrain.)

Experienced drivers become unbelievably well attuned to their vehicles. According to Paul Anderson, general foreman of Chevrolet's experimental department, some drivers can whistle around the 5-mile-long fast track at speeds in excess of 80 m.p.h., never glance at the speedometer, and complete succeeding laps within six-tenths of a second of each preceding lap. If you think that is not speed judgment at its keenest, try holding your own speedometer needle at an unwavering 45 m.p.h.

Anderson also recalls hopping into a Chevy for a test spin and having the driver comment that the car was equipped with a transmission that had a ratio different from the standard model. The variation was infinitesimal.

"He felt it at once," says Anderson, "but the only difference, which he hadn't been told about, was that one gear had one more tooth than the production version."

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things mechanical—and of lives—it's little wonder that test drivers stick as close to the safety rules as a green bridegroom follows the dictates of his mother-in-law. A favorite saying around the tracks is that "Everybody has the right-of-way over our drivers," meaning that the professionals never take it for granted that the other driver knows what he's doing, why he's doing it, or what he is going to do next.

"When the average [test] driver gets out on the public highway," says Anderson, "he has very little guts. He loses his nerve. He doesn't know what the other guy is doing, or going to do. Here on the proving grounds, they drive over the same roads day after day in the same vehicles, with the same people driving the other cars."

And they are certain the other driver is going to obey the traffic law precisely. If, for instance, the amber lights are burning on Chrysler's high-speed oval, all other drivers know immediately that one of their fellows has his right foot snug against the floorboard and is turning up enough knots to make even a Bonneville Salt Flats specialist pay respectful heed. Not only does the light system warn drivers, but the only entrance to the oval is constantly manned by at least one guard. It is only upon his signal that a driver is permitted to enter the traffic pattern.

When a driver does take to the public highway, his professional skill enables him to outrun almost any average motorist, without resorting to illegal speeds. Reason: His passing judgment, coupled with a consistent cruising speed, is far superior to that of most other drivers.

"You can't follow one of these guys on a cross-country trip," says C. A. Waller, data supervisor of Chrysler's proving grounds. "You can't get around traffic like they can. They judge dis-

tances carefully, never following other vehicles closely. They never close up on a car without having absolutely clear sailing beyond that car. When they do pass, they have plenty of room to build up good speed at the passing interval, so that they're in the passing lane for only the briefest possible time. They anticipate curves and throttle back to the safest speed that the curve obviously is built for. They never brake going into the curve (as many motorists do); they decelerate before they go into it. Then they accelerate coming out of a curve. They do nothing erratic when the road is slippery. They don't steer, brake, or accelerate quickly."

Some drivers enjoy driving anywhere, including the public highways (says Katlin: "I like to get off the reservation. I feel too fenced in here."). But his good friend, Don Hanson, 34, disagrees.

"I let my wife drive when we're going somewhere."

A colleague, Frank Rohr, who has been testing both cars and Chrysler Marine-engine-driven boats for eight years, dislikes highways for a different reason: "You do a hundred miles an hour all day on the proving ground, but when you go home, you have to hold it back to 40 miles an hour. You can walk that fast!"

Ford's Fitzgerald says: "I tell my wife that if we have to go on a trip, she can do the driving. I don't like to hit the highways on weekends or holidays, and most of the drivers here feel the same way. You see so many people on the highways who aren't qualified to be there. Their worst offense, I think, is excessive speed. Anyway, when you're on the road here five days a week, it's a pleasure to stay home."

The professional driver's wariness is not echoed in America's travel statistics—74.6 million licensed drivers in the U. S. last year amassed the stupendous

total of 583 billion miles, during the course of which 38,300 persons were killed. But the reluctance of some of the world's best drivers to take to the open road is just one more reminder that proving-ground safety rules could be mercifully applied universally.

"A lot of young fellows come in looking for an exciting life here," says Chrysler's Waller, "but actually, it's all pretty routine. We design it to be unexciting. You don't fool around on this job."

Chrysler's test-driving operations are so routine that a bunch of visiting Boy Scouts recently was left coldly unenthusiastic after a tour.

"We took them around in cars that were not equipped with high-speed tires," says Waller wryly, "so 60 miles an hour was the top speed permitted. One little fellow told me, disappointedly, that his daddy had driven him out here to the track at 85." (At most tracks the average life of special high-speed tires used in testing operations is only about 8,000 miles. They are replaced as soon as the tread design itself wears off. "Bald tires," says a GM driver, "roll good, but they don't stop good.")

Routine or not, test driving jobs, which pay generally about \$400 to \$600 a month, are in demand. If a man were to apply for a job at GM's proving grounds (GM adds about 80 new drivers a year out of about 500 applications), probably one of the first men he would meet would be John W. Podesta, employment supervisor. Podesta's requirements would not be exorbitant: Only that the applicant be over 21 and preferably below 35; that he have a high school education, a good driving record, and a "good understanding of how a car works."

"We try to stay away from professionals," he says. "We want the average driver first, or as close to him as we can get."

If hired, the applicant would initially work only three months his first year, as a temporary employee. The three months are turned over to 25,000-mile durability tests on GM's cars and those of its competitors.

The next man he might see could be Jerry Swann, a GM group leader, who would give him a trial ride.

"I'd put him in a car whose rearview mirror and seat were deliberately out of adjustment. First thing I'd watch for would be to see that he adjusted them. Then I'd look to see if he tested the brakes by stepping on the pedal. Almost nobody but experienced test drivers ever does. Then I'd tell him that this is his car to drive, and for him to use his own judgment.

"They usually drive moderately. I watch to see if they have their left arm



"Acme Paper Hangers?"

out the window, how they position their hands on the wheel—the best position is at about 5 after 11—whether they ride the clutch on cars with standard transmissions, how they hit the brakes, whether they're relaxed or freezing at 70 or 80 miles an hour. Also, I check on how much talking they're doing."

During his first week the new man would ride, as an observer only, over the 59-mile durability course with an experienced driver. The second week, he would drive the course with an experienced man doing the observing. The third week, he would be on his own. Five days a week, he would drive exactly the same course over hills, along roads both smooth and torturous, staying on a minute-by-minute schedule. Only the cars would change. It might be a Cadillac Fleetwood one day and a Rambler the next. Having completed the durability run, the driver would be given an exit interview and a rating. Eventually, when one of GM's divisions requested several new permanent drivers, the neophyte would be contacted and offered a job. This long "incubation" period obviously restricts most recruiting to the immediate neighborhood.

Podesta says that a driver's performance decreases as his age increases, and that neither college graduates nor men with less than high school education are as accomplished, drivingwise, as men whose formal education stopped after completion of high school. The monotony factor apparently works against the college graduate. Also, in order of their top driving performance, men line up this way: Married men without children are tops, single men qualify as next highest, and married men with children are at the low rung. Podesta offers no interpretation for this sequence.

The new driver would find that some of his work can be monotonous beyond belief. Says Chrysler's Katlin: "The constant-speed tests are the most monotonous—doing 40 miles an hour for 1,000 miles, then 50 for another 1,000, 60 for 1,000, and then between 70 and 120 for 1,500 miles."

That constitutes one form of durability run. An engine break-in can be even more routine: 25 m.p.h. for a quarter-mile, then stop and idle for 25 seconds, then up to 25 m.p.h. for a quarter-mile, stop, and so on.

"I think ironing the brakes is worst,"

says Ford's Fitzgerald. "You travel a 2.9-mile course at 25 miles an hour, and make a slow stop twice each lap to burnish in the brakes. You'll only cover 165 miles or so a day on that test."

Some tests, however, are a little on the hectic side. Deliberately blowing up an engine, for instance. This is done to determine what spark plugs or timing maximums and minimums should be recommended. The test involves advancing the spark timing and/or using "hot" plugs, then taking to the high-speed track and floorboarding the accelerator pedal until the engine blows. When that happens, the shaken but relieved driver turns off the ignition and coasts in. Waiting for the eruption can keep an already alert driver sharper than a cat in a kennel.

Another spectacular test is the deliberate crash, or rollover—but humans are not used. The steering gear of the car to be crashed is tied down and the car is towed. When a ramp or barrier is approached, a magnetic release uncouples the trailing car. If for some reason the condemned car fails to hit its target, it is braked automatically by a pre-set device. Thus, it isn't even possible for an unmanned car traveling at high speed to run away on one of Detroit's proving grounds.

It sounds exciting. It often looks exciting. And when the proving ground visitor rockets around the oval at 125 m.p.h., only 15 inches from the guard-rail, or romps through a flat-curved course at 65, it is exciting. But to the professional driver, it's speed with a scientific purpose.

As prosaically as any clerk, the test driver comes to work, reads the work sheet to see what test is to be applied to what vehicle. An instruction folder tells him the total mileage he is to put on the vehicle, and what the test is—50 m.p.h. on gravel roads, full throttle on the oval track, or an entire shift of torture-track driving. He does it as matter of factly as the assembly-line worker who wrenched some of the bolts into place on the test car. Then the driver checks out and goes home to dinner and the wifely recapitulation of how the kids behaved during the day while the old man was putting one of motordom's finest through the wringer.

As Chrysler's Waller says, it's all routine. THE END

SO YOU WANT TO WRITE A SONG

(Continued from page 19)

seem to think that the writing of a song should be something done as a sideline.

"A song is not a quick and easy way to fame; and the writing of popular hits is no more a part-time business than any other profession."

If you do have a song that you seriously think has possibilities, just remem-

ber that there is no easy road to musical fame, no \$50 shortcut to songwriting glory. If it was that simple, you could safely bet your last dollar that the music racketeers would be writing and plugging their own songs, not yours. If you want to have some printed copies made up to show to friends, go to a legitimate



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music printer. It will cost you less than a con man's take and you won't be helping to support a racket.

Reputable song publishers, recording companies, orchestra leaders, and disk jockeys are always eager for a new hit. But they are deluged with new tunes. Some publishers see as many as 10,000 new songs a year. However, since the number of songs that can be published each month is limited, they would rather gamble their dollars and their reputations on the professional's talents than on the beginner's hopes. After all, the legitimate song publisher asks for no money from the composer. He assumes all of the risks of bringing out and plugging a song and pays the composer besides. His income comes from hit tunes, not from conning unsuspecting people who have an itch to write a song.

In dealing with the legitimate publishers, amateurs as a group have often helped to defeat themselves. To them, their song is *the* song. It is their *original* composition, and should any legitimate song publisher, to whom they may have submitted it, come up with a hit that remotely resembles it, the amateur—prodDED by friends, family, and “award-splitting” lawyers—starts a law suit. As a result, many top music publishers have a standing office rule: no envelope from an unknown that feels and looks like it might contain a song is opened; it is returned immediately.

Here again the circumstances work in favor of the tune shark. An amateur who has been brushed off with his first attempts at contacting a legitimate song publisher is prime game for the song shark who promises what appears to be everything for a fee, but delivers no more than the weasel words of his well-thought-out advertisements and form letters commit him to deliver.

According to the Better Business Bureau and the legitimate tune publishers, there is only one thing you can do if you feel that you have a hit song—pester Tin Pan Alley until you get a hearing. Do some promotion—exploitation—on your own. Try to get your local radio station to plug it. If necessary have a few “demonstration” recordings made on your own; it will cost you much less than a song shark would charge you. If you have any friends in the music business, try to enlist their

Chaplain's Corner

By Rabbi
BERTRAM W. KORN
**Reform Congregation Keneseth Israel
Chaplain, Post 37, Philadelphia, Pa.**

Dear God! Thou art not far off. Thou art not remote from me and from my need of Thee. It is only my blindness, my stupidity that prevent my seeing Thee everywhere and at all times. Thou art all about me: in every aspect of organic and human nature. If I but open my soul to Thee, and seek Thee with all my heart, I shall find Thee in every blade of grass, in every working of the daily miracle of creation, and in every aspiration and response of Thy children, my brothers. Help me, O God, to feel always close to Thee, for Thou art always close to me. Amen.

help in developing contacts with publishers. Knock on doors and ring doorbells, but be sure that those doors and doorbells will lead to people who are in the business and can help. Don't send your poems or songs to magazines and newspapers; there is little that they can do to help you.

If you write to a legitimate song publisher about a song idea, keep your letter short. If it is long it won't be read.

But above all, don't fall into the clutches of the song sharks—the musical con men—who are busily sounding very sour notes on Tin Pan Alley. If you are serious about song-writing, these tips from the Better Business Bureau of New York City will help you to spot the tune-smith who is more interested in parting you from your money than he is in helping you to get your lyrics or your song published and accepted:

1. Remember, no legitimate song publisher ever charges a writer or composer anything for publishing a song. They only accept words and music that they

are interested in publishing, and they accept all the risks of publishing besides paying the composer for his work either in cash or in royalties on sheet music and recordings sold.

2. Anything can be set to music, from the cheapest jingle to the most inspiring set of lyrics.

3. Music written to order for amateurs seldom, if ever, is commercially published.

4. Printing is not publishing. Publishing includes printing, placing on sale, and promoting.

5. So-called “professional copies,” which the song sharks provide, are worthless to the legitimate song publisher. They quickly find their way into his wastebasket.

6. Legitimate song publishers copy-right the songs they issue in their own firm names, and it is not only unnecessary to copyright a song, but better not to do so, when submitting it to a legitimate publisher.

7. What are termed “song hits” are rare, and the statements regarding their earnings are greatly exaggerated.

Variety, the newspaper for show people, summed it up nicely recently when it said, “No legitimate publisher, whether ASCAP, BMI, SEAC, or unaffiliated, will ever ask money from a songwriter to polish or publish a song. The request for coin as the price of a collaboration or publication is held by trade experts as the sure hallmark of the song shark.”

So if you do have a song in your heart, don't be a sucker for the song sharks. They are only interested in your money, not your song or your lyrics.

Beware, too, of the literary con men who purport to be the publishers of commercial biographical dictionaries and anthologies. They operate along much the same lines as the song sharks, charging the subject a fee for including his or her biography, or charging the author a fee for publishing his poem. Like the legitimate song publishers, the established publishers of books never ask the author to share the publication costs. They risk their own money, not yours.

In any case, don't be fooled by the “vanity publishers.” Remember, you can't buy your way to musical or literary fame and fortune. THE END

DO NOT PRAY FOR ME

(Continued from page 17)

toward me as he probed the combat pattern that had swallowed the B-26.

“The first reports received,” I heard him say, “stated that the primary target was socked in; so the plane may have veered deep northeast to the secondary target. The bomb racks were still loaded,

and I'm convinced the crew wouldn't return with anything that could be used against the enemy.”

The general, with a tiptoe stretch, pointed to the top side of the map.

“When the pilot ordered the bomb racks emptied, I believe he was near the

Yalu River. The secondary target is deep. He may have had trouble locating it in the overcast. Now, he had a choice of many ways to return. He could have come home the way he went, or maybe there was a friendly airstrip near the front. However, there's this to remem-

ber. Our frontline strips are a hazard. Most of them too small for a B-26. He could have gambled on the Yellow Sea or the beaches."

The general looked away from the map as if searching elsewhere for the answer.

"Not one of our receiving stations got a last message. The radio must have failed or been shot away."

His voice trailed off. He seemed present only in physical being. In spirit he was flying a bomber over the Yellow Sea, his eyes glued to the fuel indicator and the instrument panel of a B-26. The cloud mass was heavy below.

The general turned toward his desk as if his mission had failed. I took a final look at the letter. The last paragraph read:

Do not pray for me, but for my crew, who are not professional soldiers but civilians whom the United States called upon to defend their homes in this moment of need. They have wives who wait for their return, families not yet started. I will do my best.

It was signed: "Best ever. To all of you. Love, Jim."

"Maybe," the general began again, "there was a break in the overcast or the flak. They might have parachuted..."

The Korean darkness fell outside like a sudden splash of ink. The general

glanced at a neat pile of papers on the corner of his desk as if they had materialized of their own volition.

I crumpled the letter.

"You've read it?" the general asked.

I nodded.

"Make sure the correspondents get it, Mac. It's the boy's letter to his mother."

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★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The big man with the broad shoulders slid into his chair and returned to the task of fielding his ground troops against the enemy. Among the papers he would review the latest casualty toll for his beloved Eighth Army. His eyes would scan the figures that always hurt. For each of his soldiers was "his boy."

And that night in Korea another of his boys was missing. The pilot of a B-26 bomber and the general's only son—Lt. James A. Van Fleet, Jr.—never came back.

THE END

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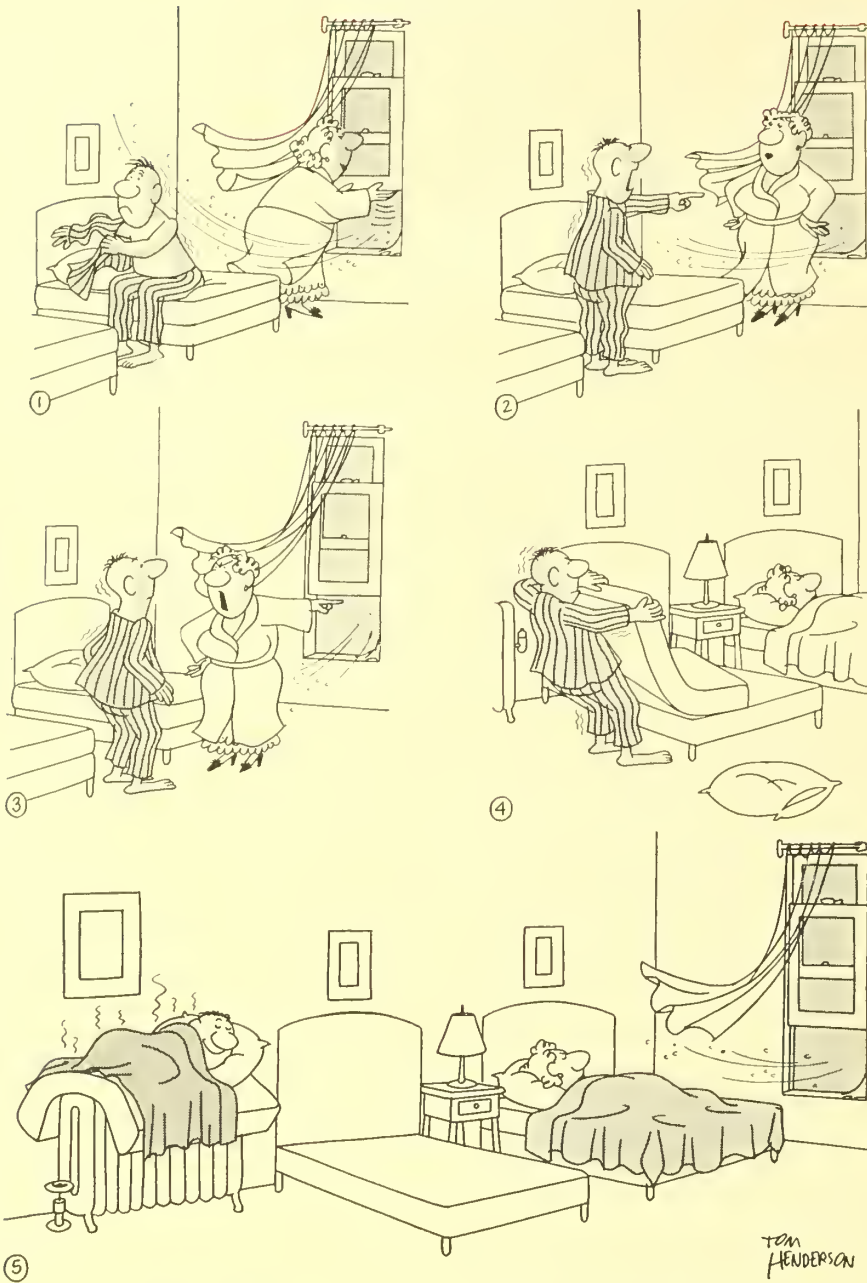
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I am the owner and operator of the store listed below. Please sign me up for free membership in the Retail Advisory Council. Send me Decal Emblem and Newsletter.

NAME _____	CITY _____	STATE _____	LEGION POST # _____
STORE NAME _____	ADDRESS _____	TYPE OF STORE _____	LEGION CARD # _____

PARTING SHOTS

A COLD WINTER'S NIGHT



Bite Plight

*The sandwich I'm about to bite
Has four sides I can choose from:
The one wherein my teeth alight,
And three the contents ooze from.*

— JOHN FALLON

High-priced Help

After receiving \$10, the fortune teller informed her patron that he was entitled to ask two questions.

"But isn't that a great deal of money for just two questions?" the man declared.

"I suppose it is," acknowledged the for-

tune teller. "And now I'm ready for your second question."

— HAROLD HELFER

Not Easy

Diplomacy: The art of skating on thin ice without getting into deep water.

— CY N. PEACE

Mighty Gentle Hint

It was about the turn of the century in southwestern Arizona and a rancher suspected his nearest neighbor of foul play

when it came to the rancher's cattle which were grazing on a nearby area. The rancher had no proof that his neighbor was absconding with his steers, but finally the situation got so bad that he could stand it no longer. He sat down and wrote the following message, which he dispatched by messenger to the adjoining ranch. It read: "Dear Sir: Please don't leave your red hot branding irons around any more so my cows can lie down on them!"

— DAN BENNETT

Takes Talent

A smart girl is one who can get her way without half crying.

— JACK HERBERT

Leavings

Though we know what to do with the left-over food,

*Which rarely will leave us distressed,
After parties we frequently fidget and brood*

When we're left with a left-over guest.

— D. E. TWIGGS

Perhaps

The main critics of today's youth are those who have had their fling and can't get used to playing catch.

— GEORGE HART

Still, It Makes Scents

Write of agreeable, clean-minded people
Sociable, sane and serene-minded people,
Leaving out mean and obscene-minded people,

And Critics will tear you apart.

But wallow in muck about horrible people,
Dopily dreadful, deplorable people

Whom readers will loathe from the start,

Terrible people

Unbearable people

Wholly unthinkable, stinkable people

— In Capital Letters, that's ART!

— BERTON BRALEY

Wise Words

A neck is something that if you don't stick out you won't get in trouble up to.

— F. G. KERNAN

The Winning Way

No method of acquiring friends

Gets more results than this 'un:

Don't hem nor haw while others jaw —

Just listen, listen, listen!

— S. OMAR BARKER



Attention Legionnaires!

More than 20,000 Legionnaire owned retail stores from coast to coast are now proudly displaying the emblem of The American Legion Magazine Retail Advisory Council shown above in full size and color. The stores displaying this emblem are owned and operated by fellow-Legionnaires who deserve your support. So look for this emblem when you're out to shop and spend your shopping dollars with confidence at the sign of honest and friendly service.

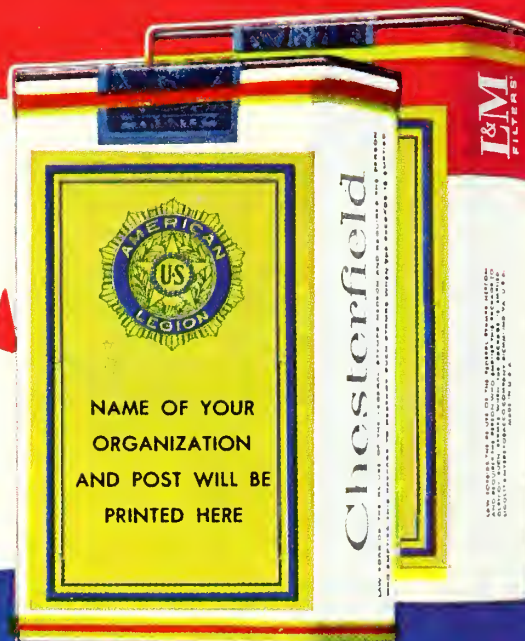


LEGIONNAIRE RETAILERS: For FREE membership in The American Legion Magazine Retail Advisory Council see application form on Page 55.

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	\$9.64	\$9.64

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 Hospitals or State Hospitals
 () Armed Forces in Korea.

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ADDRESS..... (No. and St.) (City or Town) (State)